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An Irreproachable Monarch

THE British public is sincerely grieved by the sudden death of the King. We all knew that his illness was not one from which he could wholly recover, but there seemed good reason to hope that, after his holiday, he would have some years of useful and happy life in front of him, during which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh could increasingly take over his ceremonial duties. He has been an excellent, an irreproachable monarch.

The popularity of the monarchy seems now to have become one of the most stable features of English public life. It is all the more remarkable when we recall that three of the earlier Georges were the subject of public detestation, and that less than 100 years ago a Prince Consort was popularly believed to have been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of treason. To-day the Royal Family has become a symbol of those honourable qualities which we like to think peculiarly British. No doubt this striking change has been aided by modern methods of publicity, but no such popularity as the monarchy has now won could have grown up in our democracy if the Crown had not in fact displayed the qualities which our age demanded of it. Members of the Royal Family are expected to maintain a particularly high standard of conduct; to possess a sense of duty strong enough to carry them through the tedious round of ceremonial functions; and to combine with this symbolic role acceptance of the limits of Constitutional power.

The more we know of Queen Victoria, the more we realise how wide the gap was between her views of the functions of monarchy and those that are expected by the public to-day. Even in the case of George V there is room for sharp controversy about the part he played, for instance, in the crisis of 1931. As to the short and unhappy reign of Edward VIII, it is fair to say that, popular though he was with many and deeply resented though the part played by Mr. Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury was, it remains true that the King himself forfeited that peculiar respect and admiration which the public is always ready to entertain for the monarch. It was partly because he had a strong personality that he failed to conform to the British conception of what a king should be. He insisted, in spite of Ministerial advice, on marrying the woman of his choice; he was careless about his ceremonial duties, and roused suspicions that he might play a personal and partisan part in public affairs. The short reign of Edward VIII destroyed much of the magic, the spurious glamour of monarchy. Emphasis in future was on the domestic virtues and the rigid adherence to the expected code.

It is undoubtedly true that one of the reasons for the great esteem in which King George VI was held lay in the fact that he precisely fulfilled this less exciting role. He was a family man; he was shy and diffident; was hampered by a stammer which he magnificently overcame, and, since his accession, had performed his functions in the most exemplary way. It has been well said that for a constitutional monarch there is no training so good as that of a naval officer. In the difficult days of the war he showed more than common courage, and during the Labour Government, in his position as Chief Magistrate of the country, he never departed by a hair's breadth from the perfect pattern of constitutional correctness.

The country is happily confident that King George's successors have all the qualities that they look for in the monarchy. Of the new Queen, no one speaks anything but good. She is both charming and conscientious. As for the Prince Consort, he clearly possesses most unusual qualities. His recent speech in Edinburgh on the progress of science showed that, like Prince Albert, he has a personal and vivid interest in science and in the affairs of the mind that goes far beyond what is usually expected from royal personages. Unlike Prince Albert, he has a sense of humour and strikes the public as being particularly English in contrast to Prince Albert who outraged the Victorians by his inability to fit into British ways. Together, Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke have already provided the public with the picture of happy domestic life and of a serious, but not too solemn, intention to do their exhausting job without complaint or partisanship—the onerous demand that we make nowadays upon our royalty.

The Attack on the Schools

The Ministry of Education's new circular makes it plain that the building cuts enjoined on Local Authorities imply a programme of further economies which, in effect, takes us back to the elementary school. These cuts mean precipitate retreat from the promises and provisions of the Act of 1944 to which Mr. Butler gave his name. The facts are clear enough. We are now on the threshold of the four or five years when the end-war and post-war "bulge" in the birth-rate will crowd our infant and junior schools (ages 5 to 11) to a point in many areas where education of these children will cease—or has already ceased—to be effective. Badly over-crowded, our primary schools are to be stretched to intolerable limits. Classes of over 50 are to become classes of over 60; and these will not be rare. After 1956, when the "bulge" begins to appear in the secondary school population, "and places become vacant in some areas in primary schools," then primary schools "may be converted into temporary secondary schools," or—thoughtful alternative—primary school accommodation "may be used" as annexes to secondary schools.

This means the number of primary schools is to be reduced after 1956—although the (dwindling) effects of the "bulge" will still be felt for several years. That is, conditions in primary schools are to be markedly worse even than they are at present. The same effect would be produced by the Ministry's alternative "suggestion"—that the primary age be raised from eleven to twelve—a policy of cramming the primary schools simply because there will be no secondary schools to take these children. Who is to teach these added "primary children"? Into what curriculum can they fit? What is to be done to assure them at least a limited chance of further education through entry to Grammar schools? The Minister does not tell us, for the simple reason, perhaps, that she does not know. Teachers are already being sacked by some Local Education Authorities. What could be more logical? Fewer school places are to be accompanied by fewer teachers.

These cuts also mean that the Government has abandoned all pretence of fulfilling the promise of the Act of 1944 that there should be secondary education for all. To suggest that primary schools can simply be taken over as "secondary schools" is to play about with names and titles in a way that will fool nobody. The number of Grammar school places is not to grow in proportion to the number of children: nor even is the number of "Secondary Modern" places. The increase in our children is to be crammed back into totally unsuitable quarters, some of which were condemned as unsuitable for any children more than twenty years ago but are still in active use.

But the Government, one suspects, has something else in mind. The easiest way to deal with the "bulge" is to cut back the leaving age from 15 to 14. This the Government evidently does not yet dare to suggest. But it knows that the new cuts will make any form of secondary education quite impossible for a large minority of children. So it prepares a situation in which Local Education Authorities will have no alternative but to plead for permission to give parents the option of withdrawing their children at 14 instead of 15. And many parents, already disgusted with the attempt to present "Secondary Modern" schools as the equivalent of Grammar schools, will doubtless prefer that their children should start earning at 14, rather than sit for an extra year in classrooms where, through overcrowding, they will learn nothing.

Libel and Common Sense

Having secured a second reading, Mr. Harold Lever's Defamation (Amendment) Bill should have a good chance of finding its way on to the Statute Book. From the standpoint of the press, the most important provisions in the measure relate to unintentional libel and pleas by the defence of justification or fair comment. In the first case, the Bill proposes that, where there has been no negligence, the plaintiff is to be satisfied with publication of a correction and an agreed apology. This should put a stop to the frequent, vexatious claims for damages levied against newspapers on account of an accidental mistake in, say, initials or a confusion of identities in photographs; and it should also end the continual publishers' nightmare lest the description of a purely invented character may, coincidentally, fit a real person.

Secondly, as matters stand, a minor error of fact in charges which are otherwise true, and made in the public interest, can wreck the chances of a defendant who pleads justification. The Bill provides that a defence of justification shall succeed if so substantial a portion of the charges are proved to be true that the remaining charges not so proved do not add materially to the injury which the plaintiff has suffered. That is, a newspaper need no longer fear to be mulcted in damages if it rightly warns the public that X has swindled people, even though it mistakenly asserts that the swindling took place in seven different cities, whereas in fact it occurred only in six. This is common sense. On the other hand, Clause 11, which was heavily criticised by Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas and others in the debate, proposes that the defendant should be allowed to put in issue any evidence he pleases with regard to the plaintiff's character. "Loss of reputation" doubtless depends on how much there is to lose, but the Clause needs amendment: at present it gives too much scope for mud-slinging in an effort to mitigate damages.

Election Results in India

A correspondent from Bihar State reports that there was no disorder during the election, that charges of partiality or any impropriety against the police or administrative officers were very few indeed, that the number of women who voted was surprisingly high and that many of them took an independent line. The election for the whole of India has not yet been completed, but it is already clear that the Communalists—that is, those who are organised on a Communal basis outside Congress—have done badly everywhere, and that there is no immediate danger from the Jan Sangh or the Mahasabha. The Socialists, liked by everyone but taken seriously as the official opposition to Congress by very few, have done badly, even in Bombay, where Congress has swept the board, Ambedkar has been defeated, and so has Dange, the Communist trade union leader. The surprise of the election has been that the Communists, who as a separate group seemed to have recently lost ground, have gained leadership of the opposition in South India by the device of joining up with other Left groups. In two States—Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad, the Left Front has won a majority. In Madras it has a third of the seats. In all India results so far give Congress 783 seats out of a total of 1,220. The fact, however, that the Communist-led group has won as many as 115 seats means that the battle for influence in India between the U.S.S.R. and America will be intensified. The former has already indicated its support for Indian policy on Kashmir, the latter has speeded up and increased its flow of dollars and food.

Burmese Neutrality

U. Myint Thein made an unequivocal statement of his country's neutral policy to the U.N. First Committee last week. "I want to make it clear that Burma will not be a base for any attack on Communist China or any other China, or on any country." This declaration followed his description of Kuomintang troops in Kentung, a province which adjoins Indo-China and Thailand. The Kuomintang Embassy in Bangkok, he stated, "must, to a very great measure, be responsible for the upkeep and the maintenance of these troops" which "might be imagined to be the nucleus for a third world war." He then made two appeals; he asked the Governments of Thailand and Formosa "to emulate the good example of the British who spared no efforts to dislodge certain British elements who were helping the Karens in their rising three years ago," and the Governments of the United States and France to "persuade their Kuomintang friends to leave our country and stop bothering us." Meanwhile in Rangoon, the Burmese Government has shown the price it is willing to pay for neutrality. Although 10 million E.C.A. dollars have already contributed to the rehabilitation of the most war-damaged area in Asia, the Burmese are not prepared to accept aid through the Mutual Security Agency into which E.C.A. is being transformed.

Soviet Economic Progress

In its *Survey of Europe in 1951*, the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe has endeavoured to analyse, in closer detail than usual, developments in the Soviet Union since 1940. The general impression is one of rapidly expanding production: at constant prices, the gross value of industrial output is estimated to have doubled in the past ten years. The pace of housing repairs and new construction has also been impressive, though there is some evidence that the timber industry is still lagging behind schedule. By contrast, the increase between 1940 and 1950 of the gross value of agricultural output is placed at the surprisingly low figure of only 7 per cent. The "national income"—restricted by the Soviet definition largely to production—is tentatively estimated to have been 84 per cent. higher in 1951 than it was ten years ago. There are indications that investment (both through the State Budget and by enterprises) has progressively increased—at the

expense, obviously, of fairly severe restriction of consumption; but the picture is likely to be radically altered as the huge electrical and irrigation projects on the Don, Volga and Dnieper mature in the next three years.

WASHINGTON

Korea and Formosa

A Washington Correspondent writes: As truce talks drag on at Panmunjom there is increased pressure for a revision of American Far Eastern policy. General Vandenberg, the chief of the Air Force, unsuccessfully strove for permission to bomb the bases behind the Yalu river. Cooler heads prevailed; but his proposal set off a discussion which has led the State Department to grope for a new policy which would not be criticised here as negative, defensive, and even defeatist.

So the framers of Far Eastern policy in the State Department are now seriously discussing a programme of action which might take two forms. The first is the use of Chiang Kai-shek's troops on Formosa as a threat to the Communist armies on the mainland. When President Truman ordered the U.S. Seventh Fleet to protect Formosa he also in effect ordered it to protect the Chinese mainland from raids by the Nationalists. No one here in authority has many illusions about the fighting quality of Chiang Kai-shek's army. It consists of some half a million men, but morale and discipline are considered to be poor, for it is difficult to maintain combat readiness in troops which expect no combat, and though America has sent a good deal of arms and equipment, it has come with the proviso that it should be used on the parade ground but not in anger. The new line of thinking suggests that the Chinese Nationalist gun on Formosa should be, in a figure of speech, oiled, loaded, aimed at the mainland, but not shot off. The directive to the Seventh Fleet would be modified to terminate the protection it is now giving the Chinese on the mainland. It would be limited to a one-way protection of Formosa. It is argued that the threat of the Formosan forces would force Peking to begin thinking defensively about their central coasts and limit themselves on the wings—in Korea in the North, and in Indo-China, Burma and other threatened points in the South.

The second line of contemplated action is based on the assumption that Peking is by no means permanently wedded to Moscow, and that a divorce, on Titoist lines, can be encouraged. There is discussion of giving clandestine support to those elements on the Chinese mainland who are opposed to the now close ties with Moscow. A long-term policy of subversion has by no means been formulated. But it is under consideration.

Whether an American election year is the best time to start such a highly sophisticated operation is another matter. Governor Dewey recently made proposals for a general security pact for the Pacific, on the lines of the North Atlantic Pact, which found little favour with his old associate John Foster Dulles, who has been working on the defence of the Pacific for over a year. Dulles discovered that the potential allies in a general pact required far wider guarantees than the Pentagon was prepared to accept, and that in any case it would probably end in an alliance of White colonial powers. It was observed in Washington that Dewey had not dealt with all the consequences of his proposal, particularly his airy threat of the Atomic Bomb, and that the Dewey-Dulles alliance, like many other alliances, was now somewhat limited in scope. Both men are being mentioned as possible Secretaries of State in a Republican Cabinet.

WITHOUT COMMENT

"A top Defence Department civilian struck the rising note: 'We have come to the point with this thing, where we cannot afford to go on any longer. The American people are losing patience. . . .' But the Pentagon was not all impatience. The Army's top brass . . . felt that the stalemate [in Korea] was, in effect, a gain for the U.S.; it kept down casualties and meanwhile provided a training ground for troops.

"The State Department, still urging patience, was nevertheless acutely aware of the other mood. It set up a 'task force' of policy-planners to prepare answers to three questions: 'Is it worth talking peace with the Communists any longer? If not, on what issue shall we break off—air fields or prisoners of war? If we break off, what do we do next?'

"Until the answers are arrived at the U.S. policy in Korea is not to walk out of the circus tent at Panmunjom."

Time Magazine, Feb. 4.

PARIS

Competitive Troubles

Our Paris Correspondent writes: In the last few days newspapers here have had to study the science of relativity: three items at least compete for top priority. There is the economic crisis—possibly to be followed by another Cabinet crisis—with a little "Butler Plan" cutting down imports from other European countries, and the promise of a mass of new taxes, some of them closely resembling the René Meyer proposals, over which the Pleven Government fell; then there is Tunisia; and above all—the news that does get the banner headlines—Adenauer's terms for contributing to Western Defence.

When Eden was in Paris last week the impression was that the Lisbon Conference would not be an interim conference, but one at which the foundations of the European Army would be firmly laid, without the Germans acquiring anything like a dominant position in it. There were, no doubt, awkward questions like the Saar, and altogether the Germans were not being very helpful; but it was hoped they would realise that it was no use at this stage their pressing for admission to N.A.T.O. The impression gained in Paris was that the Schuman-Eden talks had been satisfactory, and that London was willing, up to a point, to support French resistance to over-hasty concessions to Germany.

Since then, Adenauer seems to have been banging the table as hard as he can, and feeling is running high in Paris against those who have encouraged him—notably, Mr. McCloy. As *Le Monde* puts it, "The U.S. can now measure the result of the haste with which it was determined to include Germany in the defence of the West—haste which has incited Bonn to put up its price more and more. The logical consequence of it all will be German military supremacy in Europe before long." The whole situation has led to some very gloomy thoughts in Paris. As *Combat*, very Federalist in its ideas, puts it, "Europe is dying before even being born," and it goes on:

> The illusion created by the Marshall Plan evaporated very quickly; and so did the illusions over the fruitful collaboration between European States. And the chief reason for this was a grave political error made by the Americans. They do not understand Europe, and they like to crash right ahead, once they think they have got an idea; and they thought it was sufficient to add up men from different places in order to create an army that would serve their cause. But men cannot be added up like so many figures in statistical tables, because history, with all its tragedies, wars and ruins, is apt to upset the calculations. . . . Alliances cannot be reversed overnight. . . . It is impossible to build a new Europe on the basis of preparing it for a new war.

It concludes by saying that, if only the Labour Party and the Socialist Parties of France, Germany and other countries got together and did some hard thinking, there might still be some hope for Europe.

In Tunisia there continues to be a lot of violence (though the more hair-raising anti-French stories in circulation are firmly denied by the French Foreign Office). The fate of the Moslem States' appeal to the Security Council is still uncertain; while in Tunisia M. Bourguiba has been reiterating that not all was lost, and that if only the French would agree "to internal autonomy," all might yet be well.

WESTMINSTER

Phoney War Ends

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The phoney war at Westminster is over. As the Tories begin to develop the main lines of their policy the Commons chamber is again resonant with Party clash. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan have both made major speeches in support of the same amendment attacking the Government's economic programme; and notorious Bevanites can be observed in comradely conspiracy with colleagues who a few months ago would have been inhibited from such intercourse by fear of the neighbours. Is the Labour Party then united? Not exactly. Bevanism is dead, killed not by the Labour conformists but by Mr. Churchill's admission that the original rms programme cannot be achieved, and by Mr. Butler's demonstration of the economic consequences of attempting it. The difference now is between the majority of ex-Ministers, who tend to view the continuing problems of their old departments with nostalgic sympathy, and the rank and file of the party who are jubilantly on the warpath.

Naturally Mr. Bevan has seized his opportunity to wrest a great deal of initiative from the Opposition front bench. It is the least he can do. For, if he missed the chance, somebody else would take it. There are, of course, a few hangovers from past excesses, but the Party as a whole appears to be at least within sight of agreement on a coherent line of opposition. This, the optimists believe, is but a stage prior to general agreement on the pattern of future policy. A few individuals on both wings still cannot bring themselves to make the relatively small concessions necessary to fit the Party mood, but, of these, the most vocal at any rate are small fry. The wiser heads are watching the flow of the tide and will no doubt push their boats out when the moment arrives. Mr. Dalton and Mr. Morrison, for instance, seem to have made notably little attempt to play Canute. Mr. Gaitskell may or may not have advised his Party to "go easy" on Butler; but in public he stoically led the attack on policies which look suspiciously like his own children—or his children's children. Mr. Attlee gives the impression of being not dissatisfied with the situation and shows no sign of giving place to Mr. Morrison. The picture, then, is of a vigorous Party, which for the first time is wearing the mantle of Opposition as if it fitted. Mr. Bevan has quickly sensed the mood and seems to be much nearer the leadership than looked possible only a few weeks ago. But he is on occasions a reckless fighter. His enemies watch and wait. They may come out to battle; but if they do, it will now be on Mr. Bevan's ground.

Glossy Optimism

MR. EDEN'S speech last Tuesday must have disappointed those who believe that in the last six years he has added strength of will to charm. He was "very hopeful" about the European Army—but gave no reasons for his hope. He was optimistic about an agreement with Egypt, although his commendably firm statement on the Sudan seemed to rule out the chance of a deal. His whole speech exuded the good intentions of a loyal subordinate in a quandary. Clearly Mr. Eden has failed to assert himself, and remains his Churchillian master's alto voice. Foreign policy and Defence are still firmly in the Old Man's hands; and in Washington he used his unique personal ascendancy to give the general assurance that, if trouble comes in the Far East, the U.S. can, in all circumstances, rely on Britain.

The only possible argument for giving such an assurance would be to prove that there is no risk whatsoever of the U.S. itself spreading the war. This is what Mr. Eden tried to do. "I want to state my experience that I heard no single word in any responsible quarter while I was in America to lend colour to the belief that the U.S. seeks extension of the conflict in the Far East. I sincerely believe that the American Government and people—both of them—are as deeply anxious for peace in the Far East as we are ourselves." Did the Foreign Secretary remain in the State Department while Mr. Churchill conferred with the Generals and Admirals in the Pentagon? Maybe he had no time to visit Capitol Hill and have a word with Senator Taft, or to dip into the American press. But can Mr. Eden really be quite so innocent a traveller as his words suggest? Did no hint reach him, even unofficially, of the growing power of MacArthurism? Mr. Eden is an experienced and able diplomat. We find it hard to believe that he does not admit, at least to himself, the damage done by Mr. Churchill's Congress speech. Are not his reason for painting the American scene in these tints of glossy optimism simply that he must try, out of loyalty to his chief, to conceal the damage? If Congress were "as deeply anxious for peace in the Far East as we are ourselves," then the speech to Congress would have been nothing worse than a piece of Churchillian salesmanship. It is because Congress, the Navy and the Air Force are all spoiling for strong measures, that Mr. Churchill's behaviour was so reprehensible.

Having listened to Mr. Eden's embarrassed platitudes, Mr. Attlee observed that Mr. Churchill had "represented us as an ally—even a comparatively minor ally in an American war." Mr. Attlee measures his words. The caustic severity of his attack gives an indication of what would have happened on Wednesday if this historic debate had not been interrupted by the King's death. Mr. Morrison was to move a vote of personal censure on the Prime Minister; and after Mr. Churchill had defended himself, Mr. Bevan was to resume the prosecution. In that fiery atmosphere the last vestiges of bi-partisanship would have perished. The debate, however, has only been postponed. When it is resumed there will be two defendants in the box—Mr. Churchill, charged with sins of irresponsible commission, and Mr. Eden with an abject failure to restrain his master.

Good Health for Sale

ANY remote chance Mr. Butler may have had of winning Labour support for his economic measures was lost by his treatment of the Health Service. The vigour and unanimity of the Opposition's reaction to this may indeed obscure the Chancellor's very real attempt to couch his proposals in earnestly bi-partisan language. After all, Mr. Gaitskell had set the precedent for using the Service as a source of revenue. Who but a handful of Bevanite extremists would seriously criticise the extension of that principle at a time of grave economic difficulties?

Whatever may have been the private thoughts of some of the Labour leaders, the Party will oppose the cuts by every Parliamentary device. And rightly. The mutilation of the Health Service fits into no coherent plan to redress the adverse balance of payments, unless that plan is based on harsh deflationary policies and intended to lead to the progressive dismantling of the Welfare State. Of all the welfare measures of the post-war years, the Health Service has justly been Labour's special pride; and Opposition members, so far from showing embarrassment at denying Mr. Butler what they were forced to grant Mr. Gaitskell, have indicated by their angry response how deeply they resented on reflection Mr. Gaitskell's strategic blunder of last April.

To most Conservatives the Health Service has always been especially objectionable in that it represented not merely a reluctant extension of public charity to the very poor, but a real redistribution of physical assets to meet need. Its universality eliminated the privilege of the purse more than any other of Labour's social reforms. It is not surprising, therefore, that the new cuts are designed not only to raise revenue, but permanently to remove from the Service its universality and, by implication, to reintroduce the element of charity towards those who cannot afford the minimum of urgent treatment.

Charges for medicine and for surgical appliances must result—apart from hardship for those least able to sustain it—in sick people deferring their visits to the doctor until the last possible moment. The greatest advantage of Mr. Bevan's Service, the increased attention by both doctors and patients to preventive medicine, is thus at one blow largely destroyed. Once again, as before 1948, the undiagnosed pain will be allowed to go untended until one more working-class family is stricken with grave and perhaps permanent sickness. In so far as a means test is introduced to help those in the extremes of want, it will inevitably lead in due course to a return to the time-dishonoured, two-tier system of first-class treatment for the first-class patient and a pauperised service for the rest.

The dental charges mean virtually the end of the Dental Service. Most weekly wage earners will be compelled to delay conservative treatment until extraction becomes once again the standard remedy. The Government's professed objective is to encourage dentists to return to the School Medical Service. Certainly the new Bill contains every encouragement to them to leave the Health Service. But it is improbable that, at least in the short term, many of them will revert to the bureaucratic and relatively unremunerative practice of school dentistry. The pickings are likely to be too good elsewhere, when any dentist prepared to pull out a rotten tooth for less than a pound can undercut the Dental Service.

To condemn all these cuts as mean, malicious and doctrinaire is, we believe, to express the general and proper feeling about them. But the criticism goes wider than that. For the serious problem which the existing Health Service raises is whether or not, within its assumptions, it is extravagant in its administration. On another page a distinguished London consultant (who naturally remains anonymous) suggests economies which in his view would obviate waste without seriously limiting the objectives of the Service and certainly without reducing its universality. There are, of course, other sensible amendments, some of them substantial, which both doctors and patients can suggest from experience. It is, for instance, arguable that the present system imposes too great a proportion of the burden on the necessarily elaborate and expensive machinery of hospital diagnosis and treatment. It may be that a genuine and socially valuable economy could be found by readjusting the existing incentives so as to give greater encouragement to general practice, even at the expense of the hospital service. It is the general practitioner alone who, in assessing the value of particular treatments, can take fully into account the personal and domestic circumstances of individual patients. But he has little opportunity to do so unless he can ensure his own living without an excessive number of patients.

Again, local health centres were originally envisaged by Mr. Bevan not as a luxury of the Never-Never Land, but as an integral part of a properly functioning service. The investment arguments against their wholesale establishment hitherto have been very strong. Indeed it is certain that Labour Ministers of Health would never have agreed to their indefinite postponement if Labour Chancellors had not been adamant. But even here the cost of making possible the general establishment of group practices, without which, in our view, the G.P. service is unlikely to fulfil its function, might easily be offset by economies in the present indiscriminate recourse to hospital.

Economies of this kind are individually debatable. They are genuine economies designed to ensure the most constructive use of medical assets. But their very consideration depends on preserving intact the two pillars on which the service has been based—its universality and the deployment of medical resources in accordance with medical need. Mr. Butler's cuts make nonsense of these basic assumptions. They are designed partly as a plank in his deflationary policy; partly to undo the redistribution of physical assets, which Mr. Bevan's Service had

engineered, and to restore the purchasing power of the wealthy in commanding medical attention. In their immediate impact they are an example of harsh and unnecessary class legislation; in the longer view they make impossible due consideration of the constructive economies for which the Service is now ready and they symbolise a clear intention to have done with the whole "ill-considered experiment."

Choice in Iraq

THE British have left it very late in Iraq. Unhappily it was only after the British had come heavily under fire in Persia that the new agreement was reached between the Baghdad Government and the Iraq Petroleum Company, and it is now certain that the agreement will only go through (as I expect it will) in the teeth of strong opposition. The people will be told, as they were before the street riots of 1948, that the proposal is only another imperialist dodge to persuade the Iraqis to allow their oil to be exploited by the foreigner who, until he was soundly kicked in Persia, was not even worrying seriously to develop Iraq oil, let alone give the people of Iraq a proper share of the proceeds. Iraqi politicians add that the grotesque sum of £50 millions a year that is to go to the Sheik of Kuweit should belong to Iraq, since the British first drew the political geography of the area, and anyway why should the British remain in Arabia at all? Some excitable Iraqis, like the Persians and the Egyptians, shout that they want to manage their own affairs—and to hell with British air bases and fifty-fifty shares in oil that should all belong to Iraq. And more to the same effect.

It is a pity the British have left it so late because their present offer seems a creditable one. Britain had a predominant influence (though far from an undisputed power) in Iraq affairs ever since the First World War, and we have talked, as all the Western world does nowadays, about restoring the Garden of Eden and launching a T.V.A. (now called Point Four) scheme for Mesopotamia. Now there is to be some £50 million a year for development; and to ensure that it does not go down a rat-hole as so much American money did, for instance, in China and the Philippines, a Development Board has been set up on which leading Iraqis, one American and an English expert with Sudanese experience in irrigation, flood control and land reclamation, will work together. They hope to be aided by suitable experts from other countries as soon as they can be found. Their plans are large and not at all in the air: one scheme at least is already far advanced; tenders are out for others, and the whole project may in time reclaim from the desert vast areas that in the Middle Ages were still well-watered and thickly populated.

In time? The British will have to hurry, for the forces that are revolutionising the whole Middle East have not by-passed Iraq. As usual the running is made by the teachers, disappointed intellectuals, and politicians who dislike the foreigner, see good politics in anti-British agitation, and can cite against the British enough Iraqi misery to exhaust eloquence and tap the springs of pity at the source. Anyone can see the stinking slums of Baghdad, the mud huts crowded with the hungry and diseased within a stone's throw of the comfortable houses of Arab landowners and merchants and of British officials and business men. Even so, these miserable creatures are prosperous in comparison with thousands who live on great estates, especially in the South-East where, the authorities agree, one may see human beings as primitive and neglected as in any part of the world. When I asked if such conditions can be changed without revolution and the forcible expulsion both of the Iraqi ruling class and the foreigner, who has in general exercised his influence through this ruling class, I was told that there are reasons for optimism that differentiate the situation from that of Iran or Egypt.

The first of these reasons for optimism is that, as new land becomes available in the development areas, the Government will offer proper holdings and good conditions so that labour will drift away from the great feudal areas, thereby almost automatically and painlessly solving the Asian problem of the moneylender and the landowner. In contrast with Egypt, for instance, where most of the land is privately owned, so that none can be given to the fellahin without dispossessing his millionaire landlord, the Iraqi Government will need farmers and workers to populate the newly available land. Indeed, the difficulty will be to find enough labour: the problem of the Arab refugees could be swiftly solved here if politics would give way to human welfare.

The second favourable factor is that the present rulers of Iraq are not wholly corrupt, like the upper classes of Egypt, nor do they at present see their only hope of salvation in diverting the anger of the mob from themselves to the British. There are, no doubt, budding Mussadeqs, just as there are underground Communists who may some day get their chance in Baghdad as in Teheran. But the present Premier is a wily bird, who is capable both of resolute action and of winning over awkward opponents to his own side—which means, as things now are, to the side of Britain, moderation and economic reform.

In time? These factors, making against the success of either militant nationalism or Communism, are real, but they seem to me to imply a considerable period of stable government. They may be a brake on the runaway car. It will rattle less fast towards the precipice than it does in Egypt or Persia, but I cannot help doubting if there is enough dynamic to head it off into another, more constructive direction. The effort required is on a different scale. There are some transformations that go too deep into the roots to be effected by easy stages. I doubt the existence of the necessary reforming enthusiasm even among the best Iraqis. As for the British, they are, as always, in a dilemma. We look after our interests; we are kind, helpful and genuinely anxious for reform. But by the very nature of this kind of occupation our officials must conform to a self-denying ordinance against driving people into social change.

Let me give an example of the problem. I talked in Baghdad to a distinguished British doctor who is teaching young Iraqis to be good doctors. I asked him about disease. He gave an appalling account of the prevalence of bilharzia, hook-worm, trachoma and other miseries that come from malnutrition, dirt, insanitary habits and contaminated water. Training young doctors, curing (with very great difficulty) individual cases of peculiarly terrible diseases seems only of minor importance when the patient, once cured, is infected again in a fortnight and thousands more become diseased every day. Social hygiene, not medicine, is the urgent need. By a grand propaganda drive, the Americans rid the Southern States of hook-worm. The same thing could be done in Iraq by a still greater drive. Yet I was told of well-meaning American missions devoting energy to such matters as "child diseases," and even of a team dealing with "dietetics." The choice of diet before the fellahin in Iraq is not large.

The job, in short, is to persuade, and that may mean to bully and cajole. The peasant has to be taught to dig and use a special kind of deep latrine that beats the hook-worm. Money has to be spent on the new chemical preparation which I'm told (I hope correctly) can now be obtained for destroying the snails that carry bilharzia up the canals and waterways. Preventive medicine in Iraq means a general war on flies. In short, it involves a revolution of habit which must go with giving the peasant land and teaching him better methods of agriculture. All this is possible given limitless energy and a passion for social betterment. Both the Communist and the National Socialist (a very virulent new growth in the Middle East) could be forestalled and a new barbarism be prevented. But the job cannot be done by those who are merely kind and well-intentioned and fair-minded. It involves the leadership of a social revolution.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

GLASGOW has throughout been in the forefront of the campaign for Peace with China; on February 2, a large meeting was addressed on this subject by Sir John Pratt. Letters from members of his audience report that he made a violent attack on the *N.S. & N.* and its editor. On this I will say nothing except that the legal aspects of his speech will have to be considered when we have fuller reports.

In his analysis of events in the Far East, the aims and dangers of MacArthurism, the necessity of ending the war in Korea, Sir John Pratt has never, as far as I know, dissented substantially from the views of this journal. Most of the facts which he cites in his new pamphlet, *Korea—the Lie that Led to War*, are familiar to *N.S. & N.* readers, though he oddly omits to mention that the Labour Party's policy has not been identical with that of General MacArthur, that Mr. Attlee recognised Communist China, refused to allow the British fleet to be used in Formosan waters and paid a visit to Washington. The "lie", which, in Sir John's view, led to war was that the North Koreans attacked the South. His pamphlet blandly states that there is "ample evidence" to prove that the South attacked the North, but gives no single tittle of evidence to support this statement. I may add that the editor of the *N.S. & N.* wrote privately to Sir

John Pratt on March 12, 1951, asking for his evidence of Southern aggression. In the course of his reply Sir John said that there was, on June 25, "no evidence to show which side attacked first"! In a subsequent letter on March 24, he stated that he had "never said it was a lie to speak of North Korean aggression against the South."

My own study of the evidence of the events of June, 1950, led me to the conclusion, which I have always been ready to revise if new evidence were forthcoming, that the threats and provocation came from the South, but that the first overt act of aggression came from the North. Recently important work on the subject has been done by Mr. I. Stone, a most conscientious American journalist, who has been making an exhaustive inquiry into the whole Korean incident. Some of this has been recently published in the New York *Nation* and will be carefully examined in the near future in this journal. Mr. Stone's investigation seems to support the theory of provoked aggression, but suggests that the provocation may have been deliberate.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Nye Bevan were up all night on February 1, looking after Jennie Lee's aged father, who was very seriously ill. They could not obtain a nurse until late on Saturday and, somewhat naturally, were still in bed on Sunday morning when they were rung up by the Press Association. They learnt to their astonishment that, according to the *Sunday Express*, Nye was that day holding a conference with his supporters with the object of overthrowing Mr. Attlee and making himself leader of the Party. The *Sunday Express* even gave an outline of Nye Bevan's "battle" plans and stated, without qualification, that this totally non-existent conference was being held at his "Cliveden-place headquarters" during the week-end.

This incident may have done something to remove from people's minds the impression, which still exists among quite intelligent people, that a newspaper story must contain some truth. Why should not a rival newspaper which disliked the Beaverbrook set-up publish a story of a split between the proprietor and editor of the *Sunday Express* and lay seige to the house of John Gordon with photographers and insistent reporters? The *Sunday Express* has in fact achieved a new low in British journalism. Lord Northcliffe used to be accused of sensationalism, but all that Northcliffe did was to turn into news many "human interest" stories which had been beneath the dignity of the Victorian press. Northcliffe, however, was always insistent that the stories should be accurate.

* * * *

Harold Ickes had a genius for the caustic phrase. It was he who called Wendell Willkie "the barefoot boy from Wall Street," said that Huey Long suffered from "halitosis of the intellect," and described Dewey in 1948 as "the candidate in sneakers." I think he enjoyed his reputation as a curmudgeon, and he undoubtedly was a testy fighter for causes close to his heart. I recall particularly his fight in recent years to defend the American Indians from land grabbers and shysters, his battle against the oil interests who wished to seize from the Federal Government the right to develop fields around the coast-line, and his violent polemics against MacArthur, McCarthy, and Harold Stassen. Ickes was a crusading liberal who had bolted the Republican Party in 1912 to battle at Armageddon with Teddy Roosevelt's Progressives. He remained a Republican reformer until 1933, when F.D.R. suddenly chose him as Secretary of the Interior. From then on, with Harry Hopkins, he was one of the two or three key people in the New Deal, taking charge of the $6 billion public works programme. He was a passionate believer in honest government, and at one time he cancelled every project sponsored by a lobbyist and put more than 6,000 detectives to work checking on the huge sums the Public Works Administration was spending. He had an immense capacity for work. I believe that during the war he held down forty separate jobs, and even when he resigned from Mr. Truman's Cabinet after the war he was still holding sixteen of them. Ickes must have been a most difficult colleague. But I think his enthusiasm and his grass-roots radicalism sum up as well as anything what the New Deal meant to America.

* * *

In Kathmandu (the capital of Nepal) they are much more excited about visitors from Lhasa than the footprints of the abominable snowman. Who are they, these Tibetans, well over a hundred of them, bringing box-loads of gifts to the King and the Prime Minister? Are there Generals amongst them? Surveyors making reconnaissance of the tracks through the Himalayan passes? In Lhasa, Peking and Moscow the snowman's footprints over the Himalayas were regarded as a schoolboy's story publicised to hide the real objectives of Anglo-American intelligence agents. Anyhow, the Tibetans, now restored to China, are taking no risks. Since 1856 the tribute of about £750 which the Tibetans promised to pay to the Nepalese in accordance with a Treaty signed that year, was normally paid in Lhasa and the Dalai Lama presented gifts at the same time. But this year the Tibetans have asked the Nepalese representative to leave Lhasa, and presumably they will shortly ask for a new Treaty to fit the new situation in Tibet as well as in Nepal. Meanwhile the Communists, the fellow-travellers and a section of Congress members who feel that India is having too large a finger in their financial and administrative pie are agitating for the inclusion of Communists in the Nepalese Government, which has retaliated by making the Communist Party illegal. This policy is not likely to be successful in a country where the masses are impatient for land and food and a better life as a result of their independence.

* * *

The cause of Mr. Eden's uncharacteristic outburst of temper against Mr. Crossman in the Foreign Affairs debate last Tuesday was Mr. Crossman's reference to a recent speech by the American Secretary of the Navy. He was commenting on Mr. Eden's contention that "there is a deep and lasting American desire to reach a solution of this Korean conflict." Here is *The Times* report of Mr. Kimball's words:

> If—God forbid—we do not have a truce in Korea, the Navy will carry the war to the enemy. We are not going to fight the next war in the United States. We are going to fight it somewhere else, and it will be up to the Navy to take the Army, Air Force and Marines to their new positions. And it will be the Navy which supplies them with what they need to do their jobs.

Agreed that there is no doctrine of Cabinet responsibility in America, but such words from a member of Mr. Truman's Cabinet go a long way to invalidate Mr. Eden's thesis. Is it really an example of "such anti-American prejudice" to consider them relevant to a discussion of the British commitment in Korea? CRITIC

OLD IRONSIDE

Says Ironside of the Old Brigade:
"Let's take the Russian scare—
We've got no cause to be afraid
Of the Bolshie Russian Bear.
I knew him well at Archangel,
And then made up my mind
He'll always be as he was before,
And when it comes to modern war
He's years and years behind."

Said Ironside, C.I.G.S.,
At the start of World War Two:
"We're in a state of readiness
And, in a soldier's view,
Experience shows our defence
Will hurl the Wehrmacht back.
All preparations have been made,
And if the Hitler hordes invade,
I welcome their attack."

Says Ironside for all to hear:
"If the Bolshies should advance,
We've nothing in the world to fear,
They wouldn't stand a chance.
Their war machine has always been
Too cumbersome and slow.
I've nothing to do with politics,
But I know as fighters the Bolsheviks
Could not put up a show."

Field-Marshal Ironside alarms
The Staff of General Slim,
Who, sending out a call "To arms!"
Proclaim the prospect grim.
"It's not our way to-day," they say,
"To underrate the Russ.,"
And if they hear him in the Krem.,
We don't know what he will do to them,
But, by God! he frightens us."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

So now, when the Boy Scouts of Rawmarsh Methodist Church present Robinson Crusoe, instead of seamen drinking beer in a tavern they will be shown sipping tea in a café.—*Sunday Express.* (F. Artley.)

For Sale, Steam Trawling Company. Vessel recently sold. Substantial losses for income tax available.—Advt. in *Fishing News.* (Ford Jenkins.)

Northern Command Headquarters at York to-day denied allegations of brutality by N.C.O.s at Catterick Camp, and declared that the camp's suicide rate compared favourably with other parts of the country.—*Middlesbrough Evening News.* (E. Gordon.)

Sex is not as important in mining villages as it is in the West End of London.—*Daily Express.* (Hazel Twort.)

Sale. Model Wedding Dress & new Veil; single Bed with Mattress.—Advt. in *Middlesbrough Evening Gazette.* (David H. McMurtrie.)

The Primary Child

II. Congestion and Squalor

Although it must be clear that fulfilment of Mr. Butler's promise in the Act of 1944 of "secondary education for all" would inevitably imply a radical improvement in education at the primary stage, there is no real sign of this. The old and bad practice of taking it for granted that the "primary child" could be treated with much less care than the "secondary child" was dutifully enshrined in the Ministry's regulations, issued after the 1944 Act, to the effect that the maximum number of children *to be aimed at* should be 40 in primary schools and 30 in secondary schools. These figures are often not realised, except by accident: even on this basis, overcrowding in primary schools is still a good deal worse than overcrowding in secondary schools.

A contrary impression can be gained from the number of new primary schools built since 1945. In Hertfordshire, for example, both number and quality are high: but Hertfordshire happens to be a county of rapidly expanding population. There are some new primary schools in London: I inspected a beauty on Denmark Hill the other day, built for the Camberwell housing estate. Such exceptions could be found in many other counties. Yet the new schools are nearly always found in conjunction with new populations: it seems broadly true that we have had almost no replacement of old schools. Many hundreds of schools that were blacklisted more than twenty years ago are still in active use.

Being larger and more intractable to planning for renewal than any other English city, London is possibly the worst offender in the matter of school buildings. The L.C.C. has made a great effort, but not great enough: to-day's outlook for education in London is bleak. Not that the East End, as you might expect, is by any means the worst area: rather the reverse, if only thanks to Hitler's bombs. The worst of what are known somewhat coyly as the "areas of deficiency" are probably the central boroughs of St. Marylebone, Paddington, and Westminster. And within this region of truly monumental deficiency, the worst of the worst are probably the Church schools (Anglican as well as Roman Catholic) and not the County schools. I am not trying merely to muckrake in selecting these admittedly bad areas: if these schools were disappearing from our midst, we could reasonably ignore their temporary survival. But they are not. Nor can they disappear, no matter how hard the L.C.C. may work for their disappearance, so long as State education remains the nation's Cinderella.

In these three great central boroughs of London, several thousand children are taught in a total of 54 schools, of which only 17 are County schools. Of these 54 schools, only eleven were built since 1900, and only two since 1930. Thirteen of the Voluntary schools are more than 90 years old, and five of them are more than one hundred years old. They were built in times when it was considered necessary to provide little more than a draughty hall for the schooling of the working class. Writing of London schools about ninety years ago, when he was one of His Majesty's inspectors, Matthew Arnold remarked that "in no school premises anywhere, so far as my observation goes, is want of space . . . want of ventilation, want of playgrounds, so much felt as in school premises in London." Some of the buildings that Matthew Arnold was writing of are still in daily use in St. Marylebone, Paddington, and Westminster, even a cursory glance will suggest that they have changed little since Arnold's day. A more than cursory glance will rend the most stolid heart.

These children, remember, come from homes which are themselves without comfort, convenience, privacy, or free space. For them, the alternative to being at school—and the remark was made by Henry Nevinson many years ago in much the same context—"is working in a slum or sitting in a gutter." The impression that most of these schools will leave on the visitor is one of gloomy, chill, and overcrowded poverty. The teachers are often magnificent; but what can the teachers do? For too long they have fought a hopeless battle against dirt and the irruption of parish debris, the need to stack coal where little children ought to walk, the lack of lavatories, the bad lighting, the squalor of premises they should never be required to use. . . .

The facts about these schools are quite shameful. More qualified inspectors than I have declared that the provision of playing fields is deplorably bad. In most cases the playgrounds are sombre little areas that would discredit the worst of prisons. Two of the Voluntary schools have neither a hall for assembly nor so much as one square foot of playground—except the gutters and the streets outside. In some of these schools there is still "stepping" in the classrooms—row upon row of desks one above the other—although the L.C.C. is ready to instruct teachers that they should "march with the times" and use "activity" methods . . . without floor space. In some of these schools you may see boys of 13 or 14 at dual desks too low for their knees, so that they must twist themselves sideways in order to sit at all. Rooms for Science, Art, Libraries—fine large words that find their place in administrative circulars—are few and far between in St. Marylebone, Paddington, and Westminster; and, where they do exist, the equipment is often enough to make you weep.

The weather can be as cold here as anywhere else in London. And the rain falls on St. Marylebone, Paddington, and Westminster just as it falls elsewhere. But in no more than a quarter of these schools, I am assured, are the cloakrooms heated; and nowhere is there any deliberate provision for dealing with damp clothing. An official inspection carried out in 1950 found no warm water for washing in as many as five-sixths of these schools. In more than one-fifth of them there were over 40 boys to a lavatory; and in one of them, incredibly enough, some 70 little girls must compete for the use of one lavatory seat. (The teachers, apparently, were not thought to suffer this natural need.) Filthy little urinals or little girls' lavatories built for adults, many of them tucked away down dark steps or in smelly corners, scarcely lit by natural light or any light, are all too common. In one of these Voluntary schools, not so very far away from the Palace of Westminster, you will find that 130 little boys are having to make do with a six-foot length of urinal space—quite enough, if the L.C.C. could afford it, to have this school closed by the sanitary inspectors. For this whole great area of Central London there was not one single nursery school, and only 17 nursery classes—housed usually in premises not constructed for the purpose, and often not modified to it either.

One could go on. Many of these schools must be lit all day by artificial light, for they lie within the shadow of tall buildings. This artificial lighting is generally agreed to be bad; the inquiry of 1950 showed that about a fifth of the schools were still lit by gas, though the proportion may be a little less to-day. Compared with other areas of London, these areas are bad; yet it would take a bold man to say that the conditions here are *essentially* any worse than those of most of the buildings in which London's little children are "prepared for life." As a safe generalisation for the whole county—and perhaps for the whole country—we can agree with Dr. Spencer, a former Chief Inspector of the L.C.C., writing in 1938, that "we are keeping our future citizens . . . . in surroundings which were out of date a generation ago . . . . Even the blacklisted schools have not been replaced, and there are thousands of others which fall below any decent minimum of amenities or convenience. A thorough and almost universal replacement of our present buildings is required . . . ." Between most of these buildings and the physical conditions suggested by the L.C.C.'s happy little exhibition, lately shown to Festival visitors, there seems to be about as much connection as between me and the Man in the Moon.

Such, more or less, is the general physical background. For every satisfactory building you will find a dozen that are not, and half a dozen that are horrible: proportions, I should say, which if anything are generous. Into these antiquated classrooms there are thrust some tens of thousands of London children; and the sharpest part of the drama, perhaps, is precisely in the fact that overcrowding is getting worse, not better. It might be a matter for national pride and satisfaction, one would think, that the birth-rate "bulged" at the end of the war: for Education Authorities, this "bulge" means disaster. In London to-day—and the proportions could probably be generalised for many other cities—there are said to be 33,000 children aged eleven, and 67,000 aged three: in two years' time, that is, the "bulge" will be felt at its worst in the infants' departments of primary schools. And this at a time when the building of new schools goes more and more slowly and may stop altogether.

The Ministry—and therefore the Local Education Authorities—has long since abandoned hope of restricting classes to the "regulation levels" of 40 and 30 in primary and secondary departments. To achieve that, it seems, the country would at once need about 11,000 new classrooms and as many new teachers: and nobody supposes that more than a small fraction of either can be obtained in the next few years. Already in 1949—a year of heavy cuts in education—official figures suggested that about 30 per cent. of primary classes exceeded the regulation maximum of 40 children, and the position is almost certainly worse to-day, and will be worse still next year. The conservative-minded *Teachers' World* has lately estimated that as many as 3.6 million children in England and Wales are being taught in classes of over 30. And that was when the "bulge" had still to take its full effect . . . .

Overcrowding in schools is now a national problem of great urgency. In Middlesex, for instance, Mr. John Pitcher, who is a member of the Executive of the N.U.T., has lately estimated that the county needs 70 new infant schools, each providing 200 places, if the peak of the infants' "bulge" is to be met *next year*. "Juniors," he points out, "will increase from 98,000 this year to 131,000 in 1957," and the secondary school population of Middlesex from 99,000 to 130,000 between 1955 and 1961. Only heroic measures, not "a more economical use of space" (for which Mr. Butler has now appealed to Local Education Authorities), will save these children from suffering a mockery of education.

Even before the present Government took office, it was already clear that little or nothing would be done to meet a crisis in education which every Authority knew was coming. In October, 1949, it was the Minister's calculation that 3,000 new schools were required by 1953—a calculation, of course, made within the framework of existing

standards. We shall certainly not get them, nor even the half of them. Meanwhile, standards for new construction are being continuously cut, and bad old schools such as those I have described carry on as before. BASIL DAVIDSON

The MacArthur Drift

A YEAR ago, when the prospect of an extended war in the Far East was evoking widespread anxiety in Britain, many Americans were outraged by protests they thought to be either malicious or hysterical. The "anti-Americans," they argued, made no distinction between General MacArthur and the President; the ambitions of the China lobby were confused with the motives of the Administration; and the dangers of an irresponsible and potentially disastrous war against China were grossly exaggerated in order to discredit U.S. policy as a whole. Even liberal-minded Americans insisted that Mr. Attlee's mission to Washington was due to unnecessary panic, since Mr. Truman had no intention of allowing the war to spread from Korea to China, or of using the atom bomb, and they took as their final proof both the dismissal of MacArthur and the subsequent testimony of Administration spokesmen against the dangers of the MacArthurite strategy.

This attitude, for instance, underlies an intriguing and most useful book* recently published in New York by Richard Rovere, who reports from Washington to the *New Yorker*, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a liberal young Harvard professor. The declared purpose of their book is to examine the early biography of MacArthur and his conduct in Japan and Korea. But it is equally a sophisticated defence of the foreign policy of Mr. Truman *as it was* in the midsummer of 1951. Peculiarly opportune, it has appeared just at the moment when British opinion, which was partially assuaged by the Administration's repudiation of MacArthurism *at that time*, is beginning to suspect that the President and his advisers have now been induced to accept much of the original MacArthur policy, and have in turn persuaded Mr. Churchill to go some way with them. That this might happen was clear a year ago, when what the authors of this book call "the Indians and the *New Statesman* group in England" were accused of inflating the influence of MacArthur. To-day, it is the optimists, who believed that MacArthur was decisively defeated in the Senate Office Building last summer, that are being overtaken by events.

There are few Indians or people in the "*New Statesman* group" who would quarrel with the brilliant sketch given here of MacArthur's personality and career. On the contrary, Mr. Rovere and Professor Schlesinger confirm with details the suspicions that have been widely held in this country. They describe the deep frustrations of this Caesaresque figure in the military doldrums of the Twenties, driven to exalt the heroic virtues as chairman of the Olympic Games Committee and to display his tactical abilities in a skirmish with hunger marchers in Washington. There is a fascinating account of his role and his personal behaviour in the Pacific war. They report his egotism, his calculated use of publicity, the deliberate inaccuracy of his communiqués, and his belief that he was being persecuted by politicians who, deluded by a conspiracy of "Communists and British Imperialists," did not understand that the Pacific should be given priority over Europe. And there is an illuminating account of MacArthur's fight to secure priority for his invasion of Luzon over the proposal of Admiral Nimitz that the U.S. forces should by-pass the Philippines and go straight for Formosa. Later, when MacArthur was arguing that it was essential in the interests of American security to hold Formosa, he blandly told the Senate Committee that "the Navy wanted to go to Formosa rather than the Philippines" and modestly glossed over his own intense opposition at that time to this project.

But General MacArthur can make such changes of front without embarrassment. Twice, in 1949, he had publicly insisted that the American defence perimeter in the Pacific ran from the Aleutians, through Japan and the Ryukus to the Philippines—a definition specifically repeated in January, 1950, by Mr. Dean Acheson. Neither the General nor the Secretary of State included Korea or Formosa within this perimeter. Mr. Acheson, indeed, went out of his way to reaffirm the President's statement that the U.S. would not help defend Formosa and thus intervene in an internal Chinese matter. (The authors of this book curiously omit this part of his January statement.) By the summer of 1951, however, MacArthur was loudly insisting that he had long believed there was no security for the United States unless Formosa was included in the perimeter—and within six months, first Mr. Truman and then Mr. Churchill have agreed. Its importance, as a matter of fact, depends upon which way you are going. It has far more value as an *offensive* base against China than it has as a *defensive* base for the Philippines and the remainder of the U.S. island defence chain. This may explain, first, MacArthur's conversion to its strategic value, at a time when he was considering the extension of the war to the Chinese mainland, and, secondly, the Administration's similar but more recent conversion.

At one time, moreover, it was MacArthur's view that anyone who committed U.S. troops to the mainland of Asia "ought to have his head examined." Yet (unless the Korean peninsula is thought not to be part of the Asian mainland) it was at MacArthur's instigation that *ground* troops were so committed. General Bradley's testimony before the Senate inquiry made that clear. The passage quoted by the authors of this book shows that the President had ordered air and naval units to help the South Koreans in the first days, his purpose being to demonstrate that the United States would resist aggression and thus to rally America's allies and associates by a show of firmness. It was only "at the request of MacArthur that ground troops were then committed to a war that the Administration at first sensibly believed would be either a baited trap or a lost cause. MacArthur, apparently, made this request for local military reasons: the President's agreement can only have been made on wider political grounds. Korea was the last place the Pentagon wanted to fight a major war, and its aim has been to prevent total American commitment.

This has been the real chink in the Administration's armour, through which every one of MacArthur's shafts has been driven. Unlike the Pentagon, he wished to *win* the Korean war; it was not his business, he explained, as a theatre commander, to consider America's global strategy; and so the demand to extend the war when it proved unwinnable in Korea was quite natural. For him, it was not the "wrong war at the wrong time in the wrong place against the wrong enemy." But for General Bradley and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Korean commitment must have been a nightmare. Even if American resources could be diverted from Europe and elsewhere (and there were powerful military and political grounds why this was impossible) a massive deployment in Korea would still probably be indecisive and would direct U.S. strength into a strategic blind alley. But once America was in, it was equally difficult to get out; "winning" the war replaced "checking" aggression. This dilemma explains why one section of U.S. military opinion genuinely desires a Korean truce. General Bradley had realised that the hope of escaping from Korea by attacking China was unreal. It had been hard enough to achieve a deadlock in Korea. Air and naval attacks on China, he understood, would only replace a larger deadlock for a smaller one—and tie up more American units in the unprofitable process. So, at the Senate hearings, after General Bradley had stated the case, General Vandenberg (of the Air Force) and Admiral Sherman were brought in to attack the MacArthur thesis in detail.

Here, in these pages, the MacArthur concept of a "quickie" war against China is reviewed and demolished by the statements of the Administration's own spokesmen. General Bradley spoke for them all: ". . . enlargement of the war in Korea to include Red China, would probably delight the Kremlin more than anything else we could do. It would necessarily tie down additional forces, especially our sea power and our air power, while the Soviet Union would not be obliged to put a single man into the conflict." Such was the military risk of what Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger call "unilateralism": the political consequences of "going it alone" are obvious.

What has changed since this book was completed? To stand up to the growing American demand for some kind of decision in Korea—with which the advent of an election year has as much to do as MacArthurite propaganda—the Truman-Bradley thesis had to yield results. There had to be a limited truce to follow the limited war in Korea, and the prospect that U.S. units and resources could be extricated from this blind alley. But if a truce cannot be negotiated on terms that are politically acceptable inside America, then the choice seems to lie between unilateral withdrawal—which would make nonsense of the whole bloody Korean campaign—and a tougher policy towards the obstinate Chinese. That is one reason why the Administration is now driven to consider the very air and naval sanctions against China that only last summer it denounced as a risky and unrewarding folly. The other reason is that if Korea is a drain on U.S. strength, it is equally a diversion of Chinese men and material, and the Administration now believes that any truce which released American resources would, equally, set free the Chinese for pressure elsewhere, and especially in Indo-China. This explains why the threat of sanctions if a Korean truce is broken has been coupled with a similar threat if the Chinese should intervene to help Ho Chi Min.

This is the real difficulty about Korea. A truce hinges upon a wider Far East political settlement that the United States does not now seem prepared to consider, just as a decision to extend the war to China does not depend upon the Korean situation but on the whole of U.S. strategy in the Far East. If there is to be a general struggle against Communism throughout East Asia, then the Administration must drift into the MacArthur strategy because it has none of its own. That really runs the risk of fighting the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time. The genuine alternative to MacArthurism is not a different strategy but a political settlement

NORMAN MACKENZIE

* *The General and the President*. By RICHARD H. ROVERE and ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. *Farrar, Straus & Young*. $3.75.

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Alien Runways

You drive a long way up the flat, colourless A11; then you fork right; and after a bit you suddenly see the Stars and Stripes stretched incongruously in the English wind: you have arrived at that fenced-off square of East Anglia which the Americans have colonised.

A sign-board at the gate describes the place as an R.A.F. station, and technically that's what it is. A little R.A.F. liaison team of a Wing-Commander, three officers and an airman, all trying studiously not to talk and behave like Doctor-Livingstone-I-presume, are camped amongst the three thousand Americans in order to demonstrate to all the world that British soil is British soil even when an alien flag flies above it. Nobody asks awkward questions about the claims and counter-claims of the R.A.F. sign-board and the American flag, or about whose law runs within the boundary. Better to leave well alone, and to let the whole thing grow up like Topsy.

The whole place, in fact, lives this Topsy story. You will be told, solemn-faced, that nobody ever intended to have anything like an American Third Air Force based on Britain. It merely happened that some American aircraft came over to help in the Berlin airlift, and somehow it happened that a few of them stayed behind, and somehow it happened that one or two Texans and Californians came over to take a flight in them once in a while, and then they had to start building an underground pipeline to bring in the "gas," and there you are. It all "growed up."

Physically the place is quite a place. Six and a half miles of runways, the biggest of them ten thousand feet long and three hundred feet wide—a concrete strip on which you could lay out fifty football-pitches side by side. If you fly into the place in a Tiger Moth, you can land it, not along the runway, but *across* the runway. This proves conclusively that Science Is Progressing, if you see what I mean. The perimeter fence, when it is finished, will be eight miles long, and within it there is a "motel"-holiday camp, complete right down to the last game of housey-housey. There are, in fact, one or two bright sales-promotion ideas which Billy Butlin could copy—for instance, the use of old bombs as signposts.

These new American towns in Britain have a rapidly-moving population. A crowd flies in for three months or so, gets its training—which consists mostly of learning to fly eastwards across Europe without getting lost—and then moves out to make room for another bunch. The permanent people are there to feed these trainees and look after their aircraft. Thus a quite small quantity of infrastucture is used to create a lofty skyscraper of superstructure.

The colonists are obviously under rigid instructions not to offend the susceptibilities of the natives. Hence theatre-parties are sent off to London in charge of an N.C.O., who shepherds his flock out and shepherds them back again. The colonists take care not to live off the land, and bring even their Worcester sauce from across the Atlantic. They carefully keep the rules of colour-equality, though most of their one per cent. of coloured boys seem to be not in the hangars but in the cookhouse. Their Military Police and Air Police account for a sufficiently high proportion of their personnel to provide a safety-factor, especially in nearby towns on a Saturday evening. And to avoid arousing local feeling they have refrained from evicting some R.A.F. wives who would normally have been asked to go. But the one measure, above all, which eases the path of American airmen in Great Britain is that they've taken to wearing near-R.A.F. blue—even R.A.F. colours and ties. It makes them almost British.

A strange place, and full of mysteries. There is the mystery of where they hide the atom bombs. There is the still greater conundrum why we take it all for granted and stop ourselves from asking whether we ought to have *let* it grow up like Topsy.

IAN MIKARDO

Outline in Silk

ICED by the north wind into rigid shapes, the fallen snow in Macclesfield seemed symbolic. Against its setting of quiet, unchanging hills, this little mill town, in whose story two centuries of a great craft industry are crystallised, wears a look of arrested Victorian prosperity. It is as if, in 1860, when the Cobdenites tore down the protective duties on silks, time in Macclesfield had been frozen. There is new machinery, to be sure, in the old mills; and the throwsters and weavers have accommodated themselves to new fibres—rayon and nylon—in the application of old skills. There are no tenants now of the broad-windowed attics with their outside stairways, still to be seen, where "home weavers" plied hand-looms: in this town of gainfully occupied women, menfolk go daily in train-loads to modern jobs in Stockport and Manchester. Withal, an air of rusty, raddled riches, of tarnished pomp persists; and to-day, as the shadow of trade recession which is looming on the whole "textile" slope of the Pennines darkens over Macclesfield, there is something almost indecent in this fresh, rude onset of unemployment. It is as if an old lady, once the tartified Queen of Textiles and now shabby in stiff Grosgrain, had been tumbled outrageously in the street by that gusty, ice-laden wind.

In outline, the tale of 200 years is soon told. Long before John Wesley came preaching to "Maxfield," or Prince Charlie and his Highlanders marched into the town, it had become the centre of a flourishing trade in silk and mohair buttons. In 1756, one Charles Roe of Macclesfield obtained a model of the water-powered throwing mill which Lombe had constructed at Derby in 1718, and set up as a silk throwster. Local yeomen-squires, notably the Brocklehursts, pioneered the Industrial Revolution: in a short time there were twelve throwing mills, and weaving followed in the late 1780's. Gradually Macclesfield attracted many of the Huguenot refugees who had settled in Spitalfields—like earlier Protestants from the Netherlands—after the 1685 Revocation. The lure of northern power for looms—first water then steam—was strong.

It was, of course, not only northwards that the Spitalfields weavers migrated. Some, Walters and Courtaulds, established silk processing and weaving in East Anglia where a decline in the old wool trade created a surplus of labour—highly attractive after the Spitalfields Act checked wage-cutting. Silk mills were established in Braintree, Sudbury and Norwich; and subsequently the industry became widely distributed, extending to Yorkshire, Scotland and Ulster. It was, however, in and around Macclesfield that silk had traditionally its focal point as the staple trade.

With imports of most silks prohibited by Parliament from 1773 to 1824, and with high Customs duties ruling thereafter, British silk and Macclesfield throve: by 1854, British consumption annually of raw silk had reached a peak of 7½ million lb.; and, with greater variety of design as the Jacquard loom replaced the laborious "drawboy," Macclesfield "squares" and figured woven piece goods had won world renown. The hand-printing of silk, too, had been established nearby, in 1820. In short, there had been a century of almost uninterrupted expansion in throwing, weaving, and finishing. The "tragic overthrow" that followed the abandonment of protection in 1860 was swift: by the early years of this century, annual consumption of raw silk had fallen to one million lb., and the numbers of workpeople from 120,000 to 30,000. And the sequel has been a chequered record. The replacement boom of 1919-20 was short-lived: cheap Japanese fabric glutted the market. The Safeguarding duties imposed in 1925 led to a revival (by 1938 British raw silk consumption had recovered to over 5 million lb. a year), and the development of rayon for the mass market kept spindles, looms and workers busily occupied. Then came World War II, and the loss of raw silk supplies from Japan: civilian consumers had to give place to the Services' needs in parachute cloth and fabrics for electrical insulation. With peace, the commercial production of silk, rayon and nylon goods was at first channelled predominantly to export; and domestic sales still have to bear a 66⅔ per cent. purchase tax. By 1950, there were already signs of renewed Japanese and other foreign competition in markets abroad; and at home the middle-class consumers of fine fabrics were beginning to be squeezed by a rise in prices with which their incomes were failing to keep pace. The Korean war and the buying rush which followed gave only a short reprieve: to-day order books are thinning, and one can hear in Macclesfield—though not yet so anxiously in East Anglia—the question: "Are we going back to the Thirties?"

If hard times are once more to be the portion of the Queen of Textiles and her parvenu relatives, rayon and nylon, it will be through no fault of British industrialists or workers. With raw silk costing 30s.-35s. a lb., as compared with, say, 10s.-15s. before the war, the current average increase (only about 100-150 per cent.) in factory selling prices since 1939 is witness to efficiency of production, and the quality of the product testifies to cherished preservation of old skills. To be sure, in silk as in all textiles, the machine has become protagonist. The throwsters who make nett silk yarn from the continuous gummy threads into which the cocoon's single filaments have been built by the reeler overseas are, in a sense, mere minders of tireless machines which wind and double, up-twist and wind again on cones, bobbins, cheeses, cops, and pirns. Soft *tram* for wefts, tough *organzine* for warps, tight-twisted "kinky" crêpe—two-ply, three-ply, light or heavy as you please—for all these the machine performs its varied exercise, conditioned by the number of threads with which it is fed and the speed with which different spindles run. Again, in treating the "waste" silk which cannot be reeled, the combing into dressed "drafts" of short strands, the drawing of the staple lengths into longer and longer, thinner and thinner "slivers" from which, after much preliminary roving and twisting, the yarn is finally spun—all these processes, too, are made possible by ingenious and obedient machines. Yet, if the criterion of craftsmanship be care and patience, the workers (men and women; and they have a score of technical names in their jobs) are in truth still members of a craft: keen eyes, gentle fingers and a sort of sixth sense in the detection of flaws are all required.

So, too, in the weaving sheds. The power-loom—plain, dobby, or Jacquard for figured patterns—may clatter away with need only for watchful eyes; but there is still a paramount call for human skill in the designing of woven patterns and their interpretation on the pianola-like paper rolls which control the Jacquard harness; in the winding of a perfect warp which may have 20,000 parallel threads, each 900 yards long, on the "beam"; and in the meticulous accuracy with which the warp ends have to be entered through

heald-eye and reed before the warp is put into the loom. Moreover, power-looms are not yet universal. In the weaving of the famous Macclesfield "squares" of tie-silk—exclusive designs produced in small quantities—hand-looms are still employed. At Braintree, too, in the mills founded by Daniel Walters and now owned by Warner & Sons—a name famous in Spitalfields since William Warner, scarlet dyer under Queen Anne—power-looms may predominate, but it is hand-weavers who produce the finest stuff—those damasks brocaded by short-travel shuttles whose quality is as fine as anything ever turned out by Lucca or Lyons in their hey-day. It would be a loss if these handicrafts vanished: their survival depends not only on a narrow market—for their cost is high—but on the supply of hand-weavers. As in all skilled trades, the employers' complaint is that military service turns a promising apprentice into a demoralised, industrial spiv, out for quick wages and to hell with patient skill.

It is not, of course, only in weaving that designer and craftsman have a part to play: in the *Veredelung*, the "ennoblement," of the plain woven fabric there is ample scope for the artist, the chemist, and the skilled artisan. It was in the dyeing plant of the Hurdsfield Mills, an old but now thoroughly modernised works, owned by the Brocklehurst-Whiston Amalgamation at Macclesfield, that a charge-hand told me with assurance that the georgette in his great vat would need just twelve minutes more "cooking" before it would equal, when dry, the "matching" scrap in his hand. Empirical knowledge of this sort is in the fine, classic tradition; and in the Amalgamation's printing works at Langley old techniques—as well as modern screen-printing—still survive. As an example, for some fabrics use is still made of indigo, madder, and yellow Persian Berry dyes whose soft depths of colour the aniline chemist has never bettered in all the 2,000 colour recipes the works maintain. (No two fabrics react to dyes in the same way.) Here, too, you may see a "library" of nearly 200,000 blocks. In the antique, but still serviceable blocks, designs were either carved by hand out of the surface or built laboriously of brass pins and shapes forming the pattern. To-day, a transfer pattern is burnt deeply into the face of a lime-wood block with a hot needle, and a casting of type-metal taken.

Highly skilled work; and so too is that of the hand-printer, who moves slowly down the long table on which the fabric is stretched and lays on it his blocks—one for each colour—so that the pattern registers with precision. At other similar tables, screen printers—one on each side—are squeegeeing colour through a succession of cut-out stencils which can give beautiful half-tone effects. The colour-carriages, holding trays with a cloth surface, through which the colour seeps, used to be pulled ahead of the printer by boys called "tierers." Finally, the printed fabric has its colour fixed by hot steam (at which point ground dyes are "discharged" from under the coloured pattern) and goes to the finishing room. The journey of the printed silk from throwster to showroom is ended with a perfection no whit less fabulous than that of Jouy. . . .

As the car slithered over the ice-bound road back to Macclesfield and its growing tale of idle looms, I wondered—as one must wonder—about all this. There is no Brocklehurst to-day in the governance of the mills; the "silk" branch of that family made their wealth and went back to the land from whence they came. Is "Macclesfield silk" destined to become just a name like "Dover soles," evocative of glory gone? Are Warners' lovely velvets and brocades to be replaced by dreary replicas in tissue? If so, the world will be the poorer. There is no question of British throwsters and weavers being faced with extinction: in rayon, nylon, terylene and other man-made thread they can find grist for their mills. But silk—supremely resilient and uncreasing; light, warm, and grateful to the skin; tough in wear yet lovely in its draping qualities, and unrivalled as a textile medium for colour—is a material that the scientist has not yet equalled for man's delight and the seduction of his women.

It may be that the factors making for the industry's immediate setback will be transient. Unless we embrace national lunacy by perpetuating, for the sake of tanks and bombers, taxes which make fine products prohibitively dear, the home trade in silk may revive: gradually middle-class incomes will adjust themselves to the price level, and working-class taste, educated by austerity to "artificials," may learn to appreciate silk. After all, rayon has its defects; nylon costs two-thirds of silk's price; and popular television sets are costlier than foulard dressing gowns. Put all this on the credit side of the outlook's balance sheet; there remain contra items. Even if the home market were wider—and, without such a broad base, denied to the industry by the present Purchase Tax, export prices are likely in the end to be uncompetitive and the development of design fatally handicapped—it is obvious that Japanese competition, given the East's lower labour costs, is going to be overwhelming in relation to many of the cheaper lines. Taking a long view, I should say that in the mass-production for export of piece-goods, silk or artificial, "Hanaker's down and England's done." Where she can still prosper—and I, who say this, am no "arty-crafty" partisan—is in the production of goods of high conversion value, where traditional skills and excellence of craftsmanship will always command a place even in a world dedicated to the conception of "Soviet man."

Macclesfield, January. AYLMER VALLANCE

Betty Grable Passed This Way

THE box-office of the Rex Cinema has long been closed; and those who queued for tickets—where are they? For the Rex is one of the many ruins of military cinemas that dot the Bihar landscape, as they do other parts of India, decaying memorials to the time when much of this vast country, from Cape Comorin to Peshawar, was an extremely cosmopolitan Allied camp. Some cantonments are still in use after a fashion—for Refugees and Rehabilitation; others, like the background to the Rex, are a collection of ghosts—tankless water towers, bush-cracked floors of roofless canteens and barrack rooms, cookhouses and cinemas stripped now of their Gaumont-Odeon finery. All that was warm about them, all that re-echoed Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush, the fixtures, fittings and equipment, has long since gone to those who made "Disposals" their profitable business. With an air of finality, over the entrance to the Rex, is chalked: "No Auction To-day."

It would be wrong to regard these buildings as spectral or sad. They have none of the tragic drama that still clings to weed-grown bomb sites. They are too squat, precise, too fabricated even in their decay. And too impersonal—as was everything in the Services in wartime, and particularly in temporary camps. Too many beings passed

Such stuff as paper is made of

Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

It is the right "stuff", in humans and in material, that determines the quality of paper. Take Frank Johnson*, the beaterman, for example. Superintending the beater floor (where the giant breakers churn wood-pulp, and other necessary materials into a watery mixture technically known as the "stuff"), Johnson it is who interprets the laboratory reports and decides on the blend of pulps which will give him the right "stuff" for a particular quality of paper. It is his skill and experience that must then gauge precisely the degree and duration of the preparation treatment on which depends the uniformity of the fibrous mixture delivered to the paper-machines.

Johnson came to Bowaters Thames Mill twenty-four years ago, as a young man. Apart from war service ("finished as a sergeant in the gunners") he's been there ever since. When you watch him as he keenly scrutinises the mixture and runs it through his fingers before giving the signal for it to go on its way to the paper-making machines, there's no need to ask how he got his present job or whether he likes it. Both he and the mixture are the "stuff" good quality paper is made of . . . whether it be for the many hundreds of newspapers, books and magazines that are printed on Bowaters paper in all parts of the world, or for the packaging of almost everything from soap to cement.

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through the barrack rooms, through each individual's life, for personalities to be more than a shadowy remembrance. Although one can recollect these camps in the bustle of their heyday, for one had been "interned" in many oneself, there is no nostalgia evoked, now at any rate, by their disembowelled loneliness. Yet each time I drive from Calcutta towards the rolling Bihar uplands, and reach the Rex, the words "Betty Grable Passed This Way," flash, figuratively, on my windscreen in Neon splendour.

Once a mere thin-blooded pseudo-intellectual addicted to the esoteric pleasures of Studio One, the Academy and the Curzon, I recollect that it was not until 1944, in Ahmednagar, that I discovered something of the appeal of Miss Grable. Mellow with Madeira from a Mess Night dinner I took my seat in the cinema just as Miss Grable swung into *The Song of the Islands*. The audience—British Tommies and Indian troopers alike—knew what was coming to them; and it was exactly what they wanted. Here was an event that a great many people, who deserved to enjoy an evening, were jolly well going to enjoy. Don't talk to me of such entertainment being the "opiate of the people." The Miss Betty Grables of all nations merited in those years a special "gong." They were the transportable Hyde Park Corners, the psychological safety valves of the fighting men of the Second World War.

For me, I suppose, the cinemas of wartime India *were* an opiate. I met Danny Kaye in the open-air cinema attached to the club in Kohat. He fought gallantly with a full moon in an eternal sky, with the chatter of the tonga-wallahs outside the club gate, and with the fact that there was nothing to stop one nipping frequently into the noisily genial club bar. Shame may be on me, but I thus once saw two Joan Fontaines, two Laurence Oliviers, in the cinema at Ferozepor. Then, in Secunderabad, we would take gangway seats and arrange with a bar servant to bring us another whisky and soda at twenty-minute intervals. How gay the most drab film could become! And in Poona, until Nationalist bombs started exploding in the cinema, they would have an interval for the bar to take over, after the first fifteen minutes of the feature film, making a sort of Pearl White serial of it. After the bombs, no interval; but a better film.

Am I verging, after all, on nostalgia? To-day, among the scraggy thorn bushes that cling to the sandy soil at the side of the Dhanbad road, only little goats make play: there is an emptiness exaggerated by the Disneyesque outlines of the camp skeletons and of the Rex cinema in particular. It is hard now in the mellow, early night splendour, hollow with far-echoed sounds, to imagine that, just a few years back, there was sweat and noise, "wolf call" and whistle, to orchestrate the night that was Miss Grable's.

G. H. GATES-REID

The Arts and Entertainment

DRAWINGS FROM FOUQUET TO GAUGUIN

ONE hundred and seventy-five drawings by artists from the fifteenth to the end of the nineteenth century will remain on view at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, until the middle of March. The intention of Mme Bouchot-Saupique, of the Louvre, who selected the exhibits, was evidently to leave the artists to tell their own distinguished stories, by hanging one masterpiece after another along the walls. This excellent principle was followed throughout, except in the nineteenth-century room, where some minor works were allowed to creep in. The Louvre, the Albertina in Vienna, the National-museum at Stockholm, the Royal Library at Windsor, Dr. Lugt's collection at The Hague—in fact, the richest treasure-houses in Europe—were freely drawn on. The result is an exhibition that does not require much thought or effort on the part of the visitor, but can be thoroughly enjoyed at leisure. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a collection of more seductive objects.

The seventeenth century has been played down, presumably because its draughtsmen were fully represented in the French Landscape Exhibition at Burlington House. The eighteenth-century room is the most impressive in the building. The wall at the end hung with some of the world's most famous Watteaus will remain in the memory long after the doors have finally closed. Upstairs in the ugly ballroom are nineteenth-century drawings from Géricault to Gauguin. It is a pity that the same rigid principle did not animate Mme Bouchot-Saupique's choice in this case as in the other rooms: for several of these drawings might with advantage have been omitted. How is one to defend the inclusion of a rather finicky Martin Drolling, a perverse Girodet, a superficial Berthe Morisot and a pretty Rodin? Courbet, a much underrated draughtsman, is shown with one ordinary portrait. Cézanne has no portrait at all, and his *Montagne Sainte-Victoire* from the Courtauld collection is not one of the outstanding water-colours from this series. Seurat, whose drawings are among the best that have ever been made, is limited to two works. However, these are criticisms that one would only think of making in a room which also contained the most beautiful Degas, Renoir and Ingres drawings in existence.

Let me return down the stairs to the fifteenth century and work my way forwards in time. The two Fouquet miniatures recently acquired by the Louvre stop not far short of the most startling innovations of the age in landscape painting; but place them alongside certain miniatures by the René Master, or against the backgrounds of Piero's Uffizi portraits, and they would be seen in contrast to lack luminosity and even grandeur. The Clouets are hard to detach from the reproductions of them that tend to usurp the place of the originals in our vision. The greatest pleasure to be derived from the wall on which the Clouets and other evanescent chalk drawings of the period hang is from the Lagneau portrait of a young woman, which remains unspoilt for us by fame, and which foreshadows Impressionism in the hazy delineation of the features. At this exhibition we find ourselves falling more hastily victims to Claude than to Poussin. This is partly because Claude reminds us irrelevantly of Guardi or J. R. Cozens or Delacroix or whoever took advantage of his unhampered use of wash; but partly also because Poussin's studies cannot be regarded in the same way as artistic statements, but as working material, as private notes on a slant of light or on the direction that an arm or a leg is to take in a final public composition. Although we may have learnt to realise this, we still find his *Agony in the Garden* and his *Sacrament of Extreme Unction* intensely dramatic and worth cherishing for their own sakes.

More of historical than of artistic interest is Le Brun's portrait of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, who after a lifetime of debauchery plotted to poison all the members of her family so as to inherit the family estate. She is here shown just before she was beheaded and burnt: an old woman at 46, her mouth drawn backwards and downwards at the approach of violent death, her oyster eyes popping out of her head. This drawing is placed next to its strict opposite: Philippe de Champaigne's profile portrait of a Jansenist, who is properly shocked by such degrading behaviour.

In the eighteenth-century room, Watteau with his unerring chalk carries all before him. We are left spell-bound at the risks he will take in edging up to, and flirting with prettiness, without ever seeming to slump into triviality. By genius he turns his facility into a virtue. The same cannot be said of Fragonard who holds nothing in reserve, to whom the power to seduce came too easily. It is important not to overlook the Chardin from Stockholm which we accept grudgingly as authentic: if not in style, at any rate in spirit it belongs to the undemonstrative naturalism of his paintings. The gap is not wide between this and the marvellous scene in which Géricault follows with his black chalk the successive movements of a coalman as he heaves his sack into a cart.

In spite of the criticisms I have made of it, the nineteenth-century room contains drawings as moving as any in other sections of the exhibition. I have no space for more than a mention of the most important: of Corot's *Little Girl in a Beret* from Lille; of Ingres' *The Montague Sisters* on a visit to Rome; and of the Degas drawings, one as meticulous as a Renaissance silverpoint, another boldly swept on to the paper with crumbling charcoal. The tiny Manet of a *Street Show* is as vivid as a Goya, and the Lautrec *Young Woman seated* as classical as a Seurat. The exhibition closes with an alarming Redon of a sprawling spider with a semi-human head.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

A BIBLICAL STORY

THE Arts Theatre's public season at the Winter Garden has got off to a flying start. *The Firstborn*, performed in 1946 and re-written for this production, is an admirable first choice. Of all Mr. Fry's plays, it is the one in which a great theme has received fittest treatment. Moses' struggle to lead the Israelites out of the land of Egypt is an ideal subject for a dramatist, and the author has taken his manifold opportunities with both hands. His play is as taut as a bowstring. It has all Fry's usual qualities—wit, imagination, imagery, and a diction that blends the colloquial and the poetic. The difference is that in *The Firstborn* they are directed towards an end; they attain the height of the great argument they describe. The verse moves with a rhythmic excitement, the writing has a breadth and sweep that perfectly matches the subject. Fry's historic imagination, so evident in *Thor, With Angels*, is one of his least recognised qualities. In this play, it is abundantly present. The whole context of the deliverance, the immense despair of Egypt under the shadow of the Pyramids, is caught in the scream with which the play opens.

Inevitably *The Firstborn* has its drawbacks. Moses' concern for the fate of his foster-brother, though indicated in earlier scenes, becomes fully apparent far too late in the play. Only when the massacre of the firstborn has begun, does he realise the danger. He temporarily abandons Israel's destiny in an attempt to save Rameses, and this has the disturbing effect of a *boule-versement* of the main action. Here, the dramatist draws strength from his own perplexities. It would be easy to end on a note of reconciliation, a "nothing is here for tears" mood. Fry does not take this easy way out, and Moses' final speech is an agonised recognition of the "bewildering mesh of God." In the play's final moments, one feels Moses' moral dilemma being hammered out in the verse itself. For once, Fry is without that synthetic sugary flow that is the most disturbing feature of his work, and which recalls the fatal facility of Auden. He has been forced to think out the implications of his drama and the unresolved note on which the play ends adds much to its integrity.

The author has been well served by his interpreters. John Fernald's production is effective but never obtrusive and the acting is almost without exception on a high level. Alec Clunes's Moses is one of the most eloquent performances the West End has seen for years. This resonant, majestic leader is an arrow launched into history, the prophet who bears in himself the seeds of the lawgiver. Yet with all its objective qualities, Clunes's performance manages to suggest the touch of theatricality, of showman-

ship, that is a part of every prophet-liberator, Moses, Gladstone or Garibaldi alike. Mark Dignam's Pharaoh is a disappointment. His voice has a fine, authoritarian rasp, but his presence is inadequate to the majesty of Egypt. This is no descendant of the Sun God, but a middle-sized Creon, who trips towards his throne like a rather restrained Poo-Bah. Tony Britton and Ruth Trouncer give Rameses and Teusret a poignancy and perceptiveness that is seldom found in young actors, and Dorothy Reynolds, Barbara Everest and Robert Rietty complete an admirable cast.

At the St. James's, Sir Laurence Olivier gives us a French-Canadian frolic, which will appeal equally to the unabashed sentimentalist and to the connoisseur of good acting. Set in the Ottawa of the Twenties, *The Happy Time* concerns one of those scattily happy families that have long proved a theatrical staple. Papa is a musician, Uncle Louis a Rabelaisian old soak, Uncle Desmonde a gay garter-snatcher, Grandpapa an indefatigable wencher, Maman, who comes from Glasgow, spends most of her time in the kitchen being shocked at her in-laws. The household revolves round Bibi, the youngest of the Bonnards, admirably played by Master Andrew Ray. The chief pleasure of this piece lies in the exquisite playing of the three brothers, Peter Finch, George Devine and Peter Dyneley. This is the kind of purely cerebral acting that owes nothing to Stanislavsky and everything to art. For all its slightness, the play would be worth seeing only because it contains Ronald Squire. Of this great comic actor one can only quote what Henry James said of the impression given by M. Got

> . . . . of having a general conception of human life, and of seeing the relativity, as one may say, of the character he represents. Of all the comic actors I have seen he is the least trivial—at the same time that for richness of details is unsurpassed.

JOHN RAYMOND

RADIO NOTES

It was, if anything, a producers' week—dullish if you were hoping for new material in plays and talks, but not without its oddities. Light Programme listeners, for instance, who settled down on the evening of January 31 to hear a programme of records called Family Favourites found themselves presented instead with a 45-minute political feature on *The Cuts*—one of those emergency productions which the B.B.C. arranges with such style, and whose skilful planning and immense technical efficiency were in this case equalled only by its staggering cynicism. This was the design. Three speakers in a London studio—Graham Hutton, Sir Norman Kipping (Director General of the F.B.I.) and Lincoln Evans (General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Federation)—answered questions posed by men and women from the chief cities of the British Isles. We were then switched to South Africa, Canada and Australia, where passers were asked for an opinion on the matter. Enterprising, certainly; it might have been useful as well if it had been a discussion and not a justification (a curious use of radio in the circumstances) and if the replies hadn't had all the speciousness that we associate with the election platform. But even at the hustings dissenters have a chance of expressing an opinion. As it was, nobody, I felt at the end, could have been proud of this programme, except the engineers, and perhaps the producers if they did not actually listen to what was being said; certainly not the questioners so boisterously silenced when they mentioned words like "education" and "long-term view"; certainly not the answerers who tumbled over each other in their haste to silence them; nor even, if any lingering regard for truth persists in its walls, the Conservative Central Office.

The two Home Service plays, *The Emperor Jones* and Galsworthy's *Windows* (both good productions) were each written about thirty years ago; each has an undercurrent of the purposeful symbolism which was not uncommon at the time, though their subjects could not be more different. *The Emperor Jones* is almost a one-man play (a part very well taken by Gordon Heath); but sounds, drums, the forest atmosphere are of the first importance. The producer, R. D. Smith, who handled these effects most skilfully, had the excellent idea of calling for some of them on the Katherine Dunham company. The most interesting thing about the Galsworthy play (produced by Cynthia Pughe) was the unusually light air with which its serious social theme was presented. This made the dialogue and the characters, though they were at the same time recognisably Galsworthy, seem so much like the work of Shaw that the main difference between the two playwrights, we might almost conclude, is one of temper. It was surely in keeping that its first production (so my edition of the play tells me) was at the Court Theatre, in 1922.

Tribute to James Bridie was, as we might have expected, a faintly embarrassing, rather interesting programme. The two are not incompatible. It was embarrassing because of that impulse, so strong to-day, to bring all lives of the eminent to a domestic level, and because of the "warm-hearted" sentimentalities to which stage personalities, speaking of each other, are so distressingly liable. It was interesting because in spite of all this the programme did give us a good deal of new information, and finally a larger view of its vivid, vigorous, brilliant subject. But it was from the critical comments, not the domesticities, that these came out. The contributions that made this programme, on balance, of worth were those on his work; first as Mavor the doctor, then as Bridie the playwright; the rare hint of limitations only serving to give more reality to the achievement.

An unusual pleasure was Elisabeth Schumann's unscripted talk, illustrated by her own singing, on *The Interpretation of Lieder*. Her electric vitality, her charm, *élan*, and good sense in the role of instructor are such, that you need not be a singer to enjoy them. NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Home at Seven," at the London Pavilion
Four Films of James Broughton

Few cinema-goers are aware of the contrasts the film has to offer. Tuesday afternoon found me, for example, clutching a bunch of sea-kale and with difficulty keeping my eyes open at a homey little affair, with Sir Ralph Richardson enjoying amnesia in the suburbs, called *Home at Seven*. Nothing could have been nicer, or duller. The talk dozed on, murder failed to enliven us, imagination was bogged, and from the beginning the end was obvious though not, unfortunately, in sight. Next day, at noon, one of a packed audience of six in London's smallest cinema, I was enjoying the opposite sensation of the screen come to life. This does not happen so often as it might; weeks, months go by, with films good and bad, but no flicker of a new experience. The films of Mr. James Broughton, which danced before me on a top floor in Great Russell Street, are new experiences or nothing. How to describe them I don't quite know. They are poems, the odd personal poems of a young American who dreams and gesticulates with a camera. Sometimes a poem in words, spoken by the author, points the grotesque or fairy-like motions on the screen; at other times, music and ballet join with slapstick; at other times again, the theme may be queerly introspective, the tones autobiographical. Do you think *Loony Tom's Song* could be released in images?

> Give me a tune and I'll slap the bull fife,
> I'll spring the hornblower out of his wife.
> Any old flutist you care to uncover,
> Give me his name and I'll be her lover.
> La diddle da, the hydrant chatted.
> Um titty um, the milkpail said.
>
> For love hid the story under the songbook,
> Buried the ballad under the hornbook.
> Love so they tell me, love so I hear,
> Love waves the trumpet and butters the trea.

he's a
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man

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FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

But love will come tooting only if free,
And only to me.
La diddle da, the hydrant chatted.
Um titty um, the milkpail said.

On the screen Loony Tom is a bowler-hatted Chaplinesque elf, with (as you might guess) quite a bit of the cloven hoof, as he chases milkmaids round corners and over gates; he chases all women who come within range, including the lady on the verandah, who ineffectually but stoutly defends herself with a tea-set. This is the knock-about movement in a quartet of brief idylls, not by any means the most personal of Mr. Broughton's pieces, but the most attractive and the most easily communicable, since one can quote the words at its source. *Mother's Day* gives a quite frightening intensity to unhappy childhood, with grown-ups playing the parts of children; and *Adventures of Jimmy* cuts a variety of capers with adolescence. Even the least consequential of these pieces has been transmuted by feeling, and the imagery is everywhere close-linked, however bafflingly. At moments when one may not quite catch a drift, the sensation that Mr. Broughton is still in his element and that nothing he does could be out of it, carries us irresistibly. The London Film Club has known Mr. Broughton, and will know him again; I should like to see his work put on, as it deserves, at the Everyman or the Academy. His nonsense, no less than his awareness of oddity and beauty, makes pure cinema. To return from it to the everyday "squeak and gibber" of the cinema halls is a sad disillusion.

Home at Seven—to come back to that—not only lacks the least touch of visual liveliness, but tamely transfers a stage play that cannot originally have satisfied more than the cosiest conventionality. A bank clerk "loses" a whole day; in that time a murder is committed; three (or five) acts spin out the dismay that precedes re-establishment. It seems to me a waste of time, talent, and money that Sir Ralph Richardson, actor and director, with a good little cast, should be thrown away here. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ruszkowski at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

Compared with Ruszkowski's previous work this show is perhaps a little disappointing. Sensuous colour and texture, even though well organised in a composition, are not in themselves enough; something more is needed to prevent the painting merely becoming a rich piece of furniture. This something must derive from the actuality of the subject, from some pointed observation of contour or depth in the drawing. Many of these paintings are pleasing because they are so obviously based on live, not in the least complacent, enjoyment; yet in the end they are incomplete because they lack this quality of hardness. The figures, the houses, the clouds are too rounded off, too soft—Bonnard, for all his diffusion of colour and light, is sharp in the centre. Some of the pictures also lack sufficient depth and so look a little like stage scenery. But there are details which prove that Ruszkowski will develop. Look at the butcher in the *Butcher's Shop*, the extreme right-hand figure at the tea-table, the torso of the standing nude—these are exciting because their conviction carries them beyond any comfortable formula. J. B.

South Place Concerts, in the Conway Hall

In Red Lion Square, off Holborn, every Sunday at 6.30, are held London's most enterprising chamber concerts. Admission is 1s. Three Sundays ago Mewton Wood and Herbert Downes gave Hindemith's fine virile Viola sonata of 1939 its first British hearing. The following week saw the first London performance of Iain Hamilton's string quartet (Clements Prize). This young Scots composer, born in 1922, is a rising figure in our musical life. The clarinet nocturnes (Edwin Evans Prize, and widely played abroad) and quintet heard at L.C.M.C. concerts showed sense of atmosphere and skill in technical writing; this quartet heightens interest in his musical personality. The four movements are long-breathed but not verbose. Perhaps the first allegro tends to let the tension slacken in episodes—a fault noticed in other works. But the scherzo is energetic without busyness, the lento semplice lyrical and not diffuse. And from elliptical enigmatic statements the finale develops in fascinating alternation of linear argument and lyrical reflection. Hamilton's second symphony has followed Fricker's first in winning the Koussevitsky prize; his clarinet concerto (Royal Philharmonic prize) is to be heard in the Festival Hall this April. Last Sunday William Wordsworth's oboe quartet, in a first London hearing, offered more sensuous pleasure and showed a richer invention than some other works of his have done. The long episodic first movement is directly attractive, diverse but not fragmentary. The shorter finale is cousin to *Dumbarton Oaks* in its sureness of rhythm and precision of texture. The writing is fresh and cool throughout. A. P.

Correspondence

THE PRIMARY CHILD

SIR,—It is certainly right that Mr. Basil Davidson should hold up to ridicule, hatred and contempt the shade of Robert Lowe, whose unforgettable words, "If it is not efficient *it shall be cheap*," should be written up on every school built before 1890, and whose terrible Payment-by-Results code dominated State primary education for thirty years. But let him not forget the other major criminals—the sectaries. The school which he describes is a Church school; it is a matter of common knowledge that the majority of the worst-housed schools in the country, the schools which have been again and again blacklisted, are Church schools. The reason? Simply that during the mid and later nineteenth century the Church ran up schools of low standard in any and every place, simply in order to prevent the instruction of children in secular or non-sectarian schools. Nor were the Church defenders the only sinners, though their schools were the worst; the Nonconformists, coming a little later into the fray, were equally convinced that it was better to leave children without any education than to let them be taught in Church schools. No historian of State education in England can ignore the fact that the battle of the sectarian leaders (not, it should be noted, of the teachers themselves) did as much to hinder the growth of education as any class or economy campaign.

As to the particular school which Mr. Davidson describes, which by an odd anomaly appears to have Governors instead of the more usual Managers, I could bear to know a little more. Who appoints the Governors or Managers? Do they continue unchanged? Is the education officer referred to the County Director? Or the Divisional Officer? Is his Mr. Green in contact with his Divisional Executive, which is presumably in existence? And are they also imbued with the semi-feudal idea of the "intimate and living organisation" of those condemned to live in it? I ask these questions because they have some bearing on the possibility of improving this and other similar schools. And, after all, *somebody* was responsible for the appointment, on Mr. Brown's retirement, of the Mr. Green whose activities have been so upsetting. All is not hopeless.

Finally, I hope Mr. Davidson's subsequent articles will look forward as well as back, and as well as pillorying the black cases with which all concerned are only too well acquainted, will show also what has and can be done. There are schools both in city and country, too many to mention here, which would merit a kind word. MARGARET COLE

Hendon, N.W.7.

PURCHASE TAX

SIR,—Mr. Douglas Jay is right to differentiate between the Purchase Tax and a Sales Tax and to prefer the former to the latter; but although Purchase Tax is the lesser of two evils it is none the less an evil. Mr. Jay not only defends the tax as a regrettable necessity; he goes on to praise it as a desirable fiscal instrument.

He is right also to differentiate between the completely irresponsible opposition of the *Daily Express* during the General Election and the responsible attitude which the Co-operative Movement has maintained ever since the tax was introduced. The Co-operative Movement has opposed the principle of the tax from the start. Having regard to wartime and post-war financial stringency, however, Co-operators have recognised that it would be crying for the moon to ask for the complete and immediate abolition of the tax. They have therefore advocated, *as a first step*, the remission of the tax from all articles necessary in the home. They therefore agree with Mr. Jay in welcoming those changes which have tended in that direction.

The Purchase Tax is still far from being "very largely a luxury tax." Mr. Jay says that "out of £300 million raised by the tax about £175 million now comes from the less necessary and semi-luxury items." This leaves £125 million from more necessary and non-luxury items, a not inconsiderable addition to the cost of living. The consumers who jointly contribute this amount on articles which they must buy will not be impressed by Mr. Jay's assurance that the official cost-of-living index would be reduced by a trivial amount if the tax were removed. When a young couple are setting up home and are faced with a 33⅓ per cent. tax on the linoleum they buy it is *their* bill that they pay. They are not to be consoled by statistical euphemisms.

Linoleum is not an isolated case. A formidable list can still be presented of articles which are clearly necessities, but which are taxed. Mr. Jay shaves himself with a taxed razor blade, before a taxed mirror, by the light of a taxed electric light bulb. He eats his meals with taxed cutlery and writes his article on taxed stationery.

It is socially unjust to use the tax as a method of restraining home demand for goods. It is a regressive tax. It penalises the poor for their poverty. Surely no Socialist should argue, as Mr. Jay does, in favour of rationing by price. The only argument which has ever impressed me in this connection is that in some cases physical controls are impossible and that a monetary deterrent is unavoidable. But Mr. Jay now says that fiscal weapons are almost always clumsier than physical controls. This confession greatly weakens the case for Purchase Tax and strengthens the case against it.

One man's luxury is another man's need. That is one main reason why serious anomalies will always arise in connection with Purchase Tax. Books are not taxed, musical instruments are. For me, with my unmusical and untutored ear, a musical instrument would not merely be a luxury; it would be redundant. But there are many to whom a musical instrument is as necessary as books are to me. Taxes on culture need to be fought as relentlessly as were taxes on newspapers years ago.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Jay, and the Labour Party with him, will not seek to make a permanent virtue out of a regrettable and temporary necessity.

Co-operative Party. A. E. ORAM,
Research Officer

SIR,—In Mr. Jay's two articles on Purchase Tax and Utility there is not an inkling of an understanding that some of the taxed industries which are bearing an unequal share of the national burden, are producing something far more essential than any utility article whatsoever—the kind of trained human being without whom no Utility could be produced. In many mass-producing factories of the kind that can make Utility economically, the foreman in charge of every manufacturing department had his training and experience with just such a firm as a discriminating Purchase Tax penalises. Younger men are lacking to follow on in these responsible positions, because repetitive work pays well—again partly owing to favourable Purchase Tax treatment of the mass-producing Utility type—and apprenticeship is out of favour.

Mr. Jay's arguments show the kind of preoccupation with figures rather than things which seems to be a feature of modern economics. There are many factories still working, though under economic and official drawbacks, employing a high proportion of skilled workers, which deserve to be better known as the nurseries of skill and resourcefulness. It is refreshing to read Mr. Aylmer Vallance's articles on little-known crafts. If more people were to see for themselves the more ordinary craft and quality industries they might be regarded not as quaint survivals but as essential pieces in the modern jigsaw. And in the face of Japanese competition in textiles, can we

afford so high a proportion as 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of the more facile work? Were there any industries more afflicted in the years of unemployment than cotton and wool? K. S. WOODS

Oxford.

HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—At a time when the Government has just announced a series of charges on the Health Service which will, no doubt, be the subject of searching debate in Parliament, I write to plead with the Minister of Health to discard his woodsman's axe and take up the pruning knife of the expert gardener.

My first suggestion is to suspend for two years the payment of consultants' Merit Awards. Such action would save £2 million a year, would not harm the service in the least and would be acceptable to most members of the profession. Consultants, without this bribery, are a comparatively well-paid section of the community.

Secondly, the idea of domiciliary visits, whereby a consultant is called out to see the patient in his own home, is theoretically excellent, indeed an essential feature of a comprehensive Health Service. But there are abuses: consultants are often called in for such visits not for their opinion on diagnosis or treatment, but so that the particular patient will be given preference in getting a hospital bed. Then, some consultants refuse to do a domiciliary visit, unless the G.P. fixes up two or three such visits on the same day; and so unnecessary visits are arranged. The most blatant abuse which has come to my notice is where a pathologist has been called in and his only contribution has been the collecting of a bottle of urine, which he has later given to one of his hospital laboratory technicians for testing. Finally, the additional fee of two guineas where an electro-cardiograph is taken is too generous, and tempts some to take such tracings when they are not really necessary.

If there is no satisfactory way of remedying these and other abuses, then it may be justifiable to abolish domiciliary visits in towns where there is a hospital within two miles. If such visits continue, I suggest a reduction in the basic fee to two guineas instead of the present four guineas plus travelling allowance. Any doctor worthy of his calling should, for the reduced fee, be willing to visit a needy patient who cannot attend hospital even by ambulance.

Turning to another huge annual bill—that of N.H. prescriptions—I commend the reintroduction of the wartime practice whereby a pharmacist may, without reference to the doctor, dispense a much cheaper British pharmacopœal equivalent instead of a proprietary medicine, unless the doctor writes the word "actual" on the prescription. The prescribing of expensive medicines is far commoner in the better-class districts; and it is in such areas that the illegal charging of N.H. patients for visits and, as recompense giving them free medicines on N.H. prescription forms, is fairly common, however much the profession may protest that this is not so. I recommend that, after warning, offending doctors be prosecuted. I feel confident that by this check, many thousands of pounds would be saved every year.

Again, to many of us the Health Service has always appeared administratively top-heavy. Why are so many doctors employed at the Ministry itself, and what do they all do? Much of their work must be of a non-medical nature, and could be efficiently done by lower-paid officials.

My next point will arouse cries of protest from my self-righteous profession. A check, however difficult and distasteful, must be made on the activities of some consultants. The practice of accepting sessions, particularly in out-lying hospitals, and leaving most of the work to registrars is, believe me, fairly common. Some of the worst offenders are consultants from the teaching hospitals, who have grabbed the maximum nine sessions but are really interested only in the four or five spent in the teaching hospital; the other visits are regarded as an additional source of easily earned income.

If charges for some particular service are really necessary—and I hope the Government will reconsider this—the one that would cause least hardship and be the most justifiable would be for X-rays—say, a uniform charge of 3s. for each complete X-ray examination. I suggest that only out-patients be charged, and they at a flat rate. After all, many out-patient X-rays are taken at the express wish of the patient, to relieve an unfounded fear of cancer or tuberculosis. CONSULTANT

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Of the several misconceptions in A. G. Grant's letter may I refer to the most obvious? If adopted, his suggestion that the family man's pay packet should be fattened at the expense of his less prolific (or more responsible) fellow worker would have one inevitable result: In a time of depression or "reorganisation" father would be the first to be laid off. A. M. W.

SIR,—Your correspondent A. E. Grant is only repeating the hoary old argument against equal pay which his grandfather might have advanced.

According to its queer logic, a woman should be paid not only a lower wage, but also lower dividends as a shareholder, a lower rate of interest as a lender of money, less rent as a property owner, a smaller salary as an actress, lower royalties as a novelist or playwright, and less damages if she is libelled or if she is run over by a motor car and sustains a broken leg.

Mr. Grant obviously thinks that advocates of equal pay are unaware of the elementary fact that wages are to a considerable extent assessed on the worker's needs. Actually, it is an essential part of their case that this is grossly unfair, not only to the worker, but also to the community, which is obliged to help the worker—whether male or female—in a variety of ways because his income is inadequate.

However, I submit that the very argument that a man's needs are greater exposes the injustice and backwardness of the whole wage system. Why are his needs greater? Chiefly because he has to keep a wife. But in nearly all trades, even to-day, in an era of full employment, the difference between a man's and a woman's wage is *not sufficient to keep a wife, but only an unpaid servant*. The virtual servitude of the married woman is therefore the real foundation of the wage system. According to the logic of the opponents of equal pay, it is right that a man should be paid a *low* wage, so that he must keep his wife in a state of servitude, and that a woman should receive a *lower* wage, so that this situation may be perpetuated. In other words, it is supposed to be a woman's duty, on the one hand, to make regular gifts to her employer in the form of a portion of her rightful earnings, and on the other, to help in *keeping men's wages low by* acknowledging her inferiority where she is patently not inferior. LAWRENCE WOLFE

25 Glendale Gardens,
Wembley, Middx.

COVENT GARDEN PORTERS

SIR,—I must protest at yet another false impression of the fabulous earnings by Covent Garden porters, this time by Mr. John Baker White, M.P.

His informant as to porterage charges seems to know just about as much as Mr. Baker White himself about the market.

Mr. Baker White says that we charge 4s. per dozen for lettuce crates, whereas in fact we charge eightpence per score of crates. There is a higher charge which is made to the buyer of the lettuce for delivery on to his vehicle. This higher charge is one penny per crate and entitles the buyer to have the crate delivered anywhere within the market area, i.e., Neal Street (North), Strand (South), Drury Lane (East), Bedford Street (West), so that in fact the porter could have quite a trip for his penny if the lettuce were bought in Long Acre, and had to be delivered to a lorry in the Strand.

As to Mr. Baker White's mechanical fork lift, which he says will do the job for 2d. in thirty seconds, even if he knows of a machine that can read the labels, and sort the crates (lettuces like most of our commodities grow into different sizes), he would still be guilty of exaggeration.

Much may be said for mechanical handling, and nobody is more in favour for it than myself, there comes the moment however, when the packages must be handled individually, and when the goods reach Covent Garden is that moment.

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Books in General

THREE great movements set out, in its golden age, from the Iberian Peninsula. First there were the conquerors, Portuguese and Spanish, who gathered up in turn archipelagos and continents in East and West; then, in their wake, were the missionaries, Dominicans and Jesuits, both Spanish orders, whose sudden empires were scarcely less surprising. Both these were aggressive, radical, crusading movements. The third was not. Timid, unobtrusive, conservative, its history was nevertheless extraordinary: the dispersal of the Peninsula Jews, the Sephardim.

Nowhere had the medieval Jews so prospered as in Spain. There, outside Galicia and Catalonia, all commerce seemed to have gravitated into their hands; they were the intermediaries between Moslem and Christian rulers; physicians, *litterati*, diplomatists, financiers, they formed almost the official class: chancellors and treasurers, sometimes even (if converted) archbishops and Inquisitors of Castilian kings. To Erasmus the whole Peninsula seemed to have become a Jewish colony. Then, in the sixteenth century, all was changed. Already in 1492 professing Jews had been expelled from Spain, and in 1496 from Portugal. The Christian converts —the Marranos—remained, but not for long. With the Inquisition behind, and greater opportunities before, they drifted away. Though many Marranos stayed—and indeed in the next century became once again an economic *élite* in the Peninsula—the most active had gone, to be replaced, for a century, by the Genoese. Most of them went at once to the rudimentary empire of Turkey, crying for their expertise to feed and provision its armies and finance its government. There they settled, in Salonika and Cairo, Aleppo and Alexandria and Istanbul, Smyrna and the Aegean islands, universal providers in the East; thence they emerged as diplomatic envoys of the Sultans of Turkey and Morocco; there the most spectacular of them, Joseph Nasi, Duke of Naxos, became the financier and adviser of the Sultan Selim. Others gathered in old Venice and new Leghorn, the twin mercantile capitals of the Mediterranean; or moved westward to the Canary Islands and Brazil and the Caribbean, to prosper there under more tolerant Spanish and Portuguese governors; and, in the next century, to those new portents of the North, London, Hamburg, and, in particular, Amsterdam.

For a century, with interruptions, there had been Sephardim in England when the law courts, as a by-product of Oliver Cromwell's war with Spain, implicitly repealed the ban of Edward I and a group of rich Jewish merchants suddenly revealed itself in London*: Antonio Carvajal, the contractor from the Canary Island who had supplied the Parliamentary armies with corn; Simon de Caceres, a migrant from Amsterdam, who, having interests in Jamaica and Chile, proposed to Cromwell the conquest of both countries; David Dormido, also from Amsterdam, eager to recover his lost interests in Brazil. Within a year these men had a synagogue in Creechurch Lane. Astutely they survived the Restoration. One of them, Augustin Coronel Chacon, proposed to Charles II the Portuguese marriage and (after baptism) was knighted as a reward; others, Alvaro da Costa and the brothers da Silva, handled the bride's huge dowry; and, in Fernando Mendes, Charles II, like Queen Elizabeth before him, had for his court-physician a Portuguese Jew. Protected by the new court the Sephardim flourished. They organised themselves into a community, self-taxed, self-governed, self-disciplined. In 1662 an astonished English visitor was introduced into their synagogue. It was, he declared, "a strange and barbarous show"; nevertheless, when he thought of

> the Wonders which God wrought for their fathers in Egypt, and who heard the Voice of God speak to them out of the midst of the fire on Sinai . . . I was strangely, uncouthly, unaccustomedly moved and deeply affected; tears stood in my eyes the while, to see those banished Sons of Israel standing in their ancient garb, veiled, but in a strange land, solemnly and carefully looking East toward their own country.

And he noted that whenever the rabbi mentioned the rival tribes of ancient Syria, Edomites or Philistines or such, those rich London goldsmiths, hatted and veiled and glittering with jewels ("for they are the richest jewellers of any") stamped their feet with such tribal passion "that all the Synagogue sounded."

Patronised in turn by Cromwell, by the Stuarts, by William III—in whose wake a new colony came over from Amsterdam—the English Sephardim seemed set to prosper; but in fact, in spite of a few great fortunes and famous names, their progress was slow. City rivalry and native prejudice reduced the effect of royal need and court favour. The first professing Jew to become a freeman of the City was Samuel da Veiga in 1663; but he had few successors, and after 1738 there was no Jewish freeman for nearly a century. Alvaro da Costa owned land in England under Charles II, but eighty years later Samson Gideon, whose loans had saved Hanoverian rule during the '45, secured a private Act of Parliament before daring to imitate him. The first knighted Jew was Sir Solomon de Medina in the reign of William III; but even Samson Gideon could not aspire to imitate him (though he obtained a baronetcy for his son, a schoolboy at Eton, prudently baptised for that purpose). Not till Sir Moses Montefiore, in the reign of Queen Victoria, was another practising Jew knighted in England, although the Emperor of Austria had given baronies and marquisates to his Sephardi financiers. In 1753, when the Whig government, partly out of gratitude to Samson Gideon, sought to permit the naturalisation of foreign Jews, public pressure forced it to retreat. Jews could not receive commissions in the British forces till 1829 nor sit in Parliament till 1858. It was the first appearance, not the later progress, of the English Sephardim that was spectacular.

Hence throughout their history, so long as they formed an independent community, the English Sephardim retained a conservative character. Excluded from commercial privilege, they concentrated on special trades. Their West Indian and Oriental connections led them to specialise in sugar and silk; many were jewellers or bullion and bill-brokers—like the Mocatta dynasty, brokers to the Bank of England from its foundation; most of all they were army-contractors. Antonio Carvajal had supplied the army of Oliver Cromwell; William III in Ireland relied on the Amsterdam firm of Machado and Pereira who had already provisioned the Spanish and Dutch armies; Sir Solomon de Medina supplied Marlborough's armies in Flanders and Joseph Cortissos those of Lord Galway in Spain; and Abraham Prado sustained the British armies in the Seven Years' War. Neither in England nor in Holland did the Sephardim contribute significantly to general trade; they were specialists within it, sometimes parasitic upon it: an oligarchy of plutocrats, separated by race and religion from the world in which, by casual favour, they precariously contrived to prosper.

Hence too they were a timid conservative oligarchy. Numerically weak, dependent upon favour, above all they feared the disruption of their small society, the withdrawal of their privileges, the invasion of an always hostile world. Extreme conservatism was the philosophy of their ruling Elders, a rigid formalism of doctrine, an absolute fear of adventure. Lest they should be compromised by their members, the Elders exercised over them an intolerable censorship (even a Portuguese dictionary, or an English translation of their liturgy was suppressed); they clung with the conservatism of despair, until the nineteenth century, to an obsolete constitution and the forgotten Portuguese language; they sought to prevent the foundation of new synagogues; they resisted even the movement for Jewish Emancipation; and above all, while they sought by absurd sanctions to prohibit secessions from their faith, they absolutely forbade, under heavy penalties, any attempt to convert others to it. Was not this, they incorrectly repeated, the condition of their privileges? In effect no proselyte was admitted to the Sephardi community till 1877. By that time the community, though it remains as a congregation, was, as a historical phenomenon, extinct.

In the seventeenth century the Sephardim had been the aristocrats of the Diaspora; by the nineteenth they were its reactionaries. Their best spirits—David Ricardo, Isaac Disraeli—influenced by English liberalism, had seceded; and their numbers were already swamped by a new immigration, the Ashkenazim, followers of another rite, Jews of Central Europe, claiming to inherit their usages not from the Babylonian Captivity but from the returning followers of Ezra and Nehemiah. One by one the Sephardi communities were engulfed, or dwindled into obstinate minorities. Perhaps it is a mistake to idealise them. Perhaps they were never aristocrats, merely timorous stockbroking freemasons, tenacious only of economic advantages and meaningless rites. Certainly—though their great age was the age of Newton and Locke—the Sephardim contributed nothing to it comparable with the work of those German Jews who have replaced them—Marx, Freud, Einstein, revealers of new worlds (and new abysses) in human thought. Spinoza, their greatest figure, they excommunicated. Nevertheless, they

**The Sephardim of England.* By ALBERT M. HYAMSON. *Methuen.* 35*s.*

remain a colourful minority, retaining their native iridescence even in their last fantastic mutation. For in three centuries their nature as well as their circumstances gradually changed. The first Sephardim, whether they came direct from Lisbon or indirectly from Amsterdam, had been predominantly Portuguese, who had fled to the prosperous North, as they had also fled to prosperous Italy and the colonial Levant, from the declining economy of the Peninsula. By the eighteenth century the opportunities of the Mediterranean were also contracting and on London, as the capital of world commerce, there now converged fugitive Sephardim from mouldering Venice, declining Leghorn, the decaying Ottoman Empire. Peninsula names—Henriques, Andrade, da Costa, Pereira—gave way to Italian—Soncino, D'Israeli, Piperno, Montefiore—and Levantine—Aloof, Abecasis, Bensusan and the proletarian stream that flowed through the new British port of Gibraltar, birthplace of the most suddenly famous of all British Sephardim, Don Pacifico. So the great figure among the nineteenth-century English Sephardim is no longer a Carvajal or a Samson Gideon (*alias* Abudiente) but that splendid figure, the millionaire Messiah Sir Moses Montefiore from Leghorn; and when Montefiore died, after celebrating, in his private synagogue at Ramsgate, his hundredth birthday, a new portent was already rising among the English Sephardim: the Bombay family of Sassoon.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

ORPHEUS IN TORMENT

The features of a wild flower pressed
  Between the leaves of some dull book
  Have not more pleading in their look
Than had the face of my lost love.
A flame with neither warmth nor hue,
  She seemed the only living shade
  Among the million forms that strayed
Beside the brook Forgetfulness.
Her eyes were pools of memory
  Where fish-like darted her grey fears;
  Her cheeks were washed so thin by tears
I dared not bruise them with my lips.

Stone voices bade me lead her forth.
  "Go first, and look not back again."
  But in the caverns of my brain
What devils of suspicion lurked
To make me doubt both love and fate?
  I turned.
    Now in my arms she dies.
  Forgiveness in her closing eyes
Is like a sword that speaks revenge;
And raven voices in the air
  Call out, "Love lives not with mistrust."
  The flower crumbles into dust
And I must haunt a flowerless vale.

JAMES REEVES

DELAY

The radiance of that star that leans on me
Was shining years ago, the light that now
Glitters up there my eyes may never see,
And so the time lag teases me with how

Love that loves now may not reach me until
Its first desire is spent. The star's impulse
Must wait for eyes to claim it beautiful
And love arrived may find us somewhere else.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

20TH-CENTURY PILGRIMAGE

Strange Land Behind Me. By STEPHEN POLLAK. *Falcon Press.* 15*s.*
How Strong is Russia? By T. ZAVALANI. *Hollis & Carter.* 18*s.*

Stephen Pollak's account of his ten years as a member of the Communist underground is a remarkable book; remarkable both for its absence of malice towards his former comrades and for the light it throws on the state of mind of an idealistic and courageous young Czech Socialist, who embraced Communism, lived with it, worked for it and finally rejected it, on grounds which, on his own showing, were both cogent and credible.

To the contemporary intellectual of the West the secret thoughts of his counterpart across the Iron Curtain offer a most tantalising problem. None of the published confessions—neither the outpourings of Kravchenko nor the more respectable works of Mr. Koestler—entirely explain the questions one most wants answered. There is no shortage of facts or propaganda in which to clothe the lay-figure in its pilgrimage from popular-front Socialism of the 1930's, through Communism, to the final return flight to the West. But to breathe life into it all, to present the doubts and certainties, the enthusiasms and the qualms, the flattering embrace of Comradeship, its importunity and in the end its unacceptability, to present it all, so that the character is established and the reader is projected inside the experience, has proved a far more elusive task. Mr. Pollak goes a long way to bridge the gulf between the acceptance of his account as fact and the acceptance of himself as a credible character.

But here another doubt arises. Is his story true? Is he indeed a candid and sympathetic autobiographer or is he only an able, but much less helpful, writer of adventure stories? Mr. Pollak need blame neither the reviewer nor himself if one is left at the end of this extremely exciting "cloak-and-dagger" with the lurking suspicion that a man, who was compelled to live for so long by deceiving everybody not known to be a friend, may now feel under no particular obligation to reveal himself in full to the casual reader. And yet I think he does reveal himself, and fairly fully. The gaps in his story can be explained without casting doubts on its authenticity; circumstantially the account can be checked at a number of points with established fact; above all there is an internal coherence and a sort of egotistic continuity which ring true and persuade me to accept nine-tenths of Mr. Pollak's tale as fact. I commend the book, therefore, not only because it is very readable, but because it sheds light on some of the unlighted corners of the mind and conscience of the twentieth-century pilgrim.

Mr. Pollak's pilgrimage, for all its mundane background of passports, trains and one-night, cheap hotels, was a personal and spiritual adventure, leading the reader to no comfortable certainty about the villain and the hero. Yet his emotional reaction to the obvious, haunting problems gives an apocalyptic quality to events which, within their *genre*, were commonplace enough. The "betrayal" of the Spanish Republican forces by the Soviet Union, the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, the treatment of Germany by the occupying Red Army and finally the part played by the Czech Communists in the coup of 1948, these were the main landmarks in Mr. Pollak's very gradual disillusion. Suppressing his doubts about the earlier events, he continued to render loyal and arduous service to the party of which he was never formally a member. Dragged into Party intelligence work under the impact of a personal friendship formed in Spain, he was sustained through years of dangerous double life by personal affections, a sense of adventure and an imprecise conviction that it was all in a good cause. Snared by the British Intelligence in India in 1941, he passed five years in gaol, fortifying himself with studies of Marxism and the Russian language. By the time he was released, he had rationalised his doubts sufficiently to suppress most of the criticisms he had felt. But when he returned to Germany and Czechoslovakia, the pilgrimage reached its end. This time Mr. Pollak had to watch the drama being played in his native land; and its cynicism and ruthlessness were too much for him. His criticisms reached the Party leaders, and almost overnight he became an "enemy of the People's Democracies." The "objectivity" of Soviet policy, which had been just acceptable in the years from Spain to Potsdam, could not stand up to Mr. Pollak's "bourgeois" view of right and wrong, or his nostalgic dream of returning home after long years as a stateless, hunted and finally captive conspirator. The book is in other words an individual tragedy, and a remarkably revealing one. From the story of Mr. Pollak's struggle and personal conflicts a good deal can be learned of the conflict between freedom and order, objectivity and idealism, which besets the European intellectual in his struggle to establish contemporary values and a new civilisation.

How Strong is Russia? offers a critique of the Soviet Union's four Five-Year Plans. The author states his objective very frankly at the beginning:

> Since [leaving Soviet Russia in 1930] I have followed the economic activities of the Soviet regime, first with sympathy, then with misgiving, then with distrust, and finally with horrified disgust. Now . . . I will try to substantiate my change of attitude . . ., with facts and figures taken from Soviet sources.

The book is thus admittedly propaganda. It is skilfully argued and well, if selectively, documented. It will be of value to those who already accept Mr. Zavalani's conclusions, and wish to find out why.

JOHN FREEMAN

THE SPECTATOR'S VIEW

Monckton Milnes: The Flight of Youth. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Constable.* 25*s.*

"Promise" and "youth" are subtly disturbing words; for no sooner have the young ceased to resent their awkward youthfulness than they begin to wince at the reflection that they are not so young as they used to be; while those of them who were at some time credited with promise, even though they may at length acquire the knack of pacifying their own demons, can rarely escape from the reproachful gaze of disappointed well-wishers. One of the pleasantest features of the second volume of Mr. James Pope-Hennessy's *Monckton Milnes: The Flight of Youth*, which now follows on the heels of *Monckton Milnes: The Years of Promise*, is that it shows us a man who having belied his early promise and disappointed his more sanguine friends, refused to take his failure to heart and remained vivacious and unembittered throughout a long and energetic life. Milnes had yearned for literary distinction; and it was presently clear that such distinction as he could hope for must be borrowed from contact with other writers. He had hankered after political renown; but the politicians whose acquaintance he cultivated were apt to regard him as an agreeable host or guest rather than as a desirable ally or potentially useful colleague. Disraeli sneered at his character and talents: Palmerston, who paid him friendly attentions, when it was a question of cabinet making seemed disinclined to give him a serious thought.

By 1851, the date at which Mr. Pope-Hennessy opens his second volume, his subject was already middle-aged. The young adventurer, whose gaiety, garrulity and social aplomb had earned him the nicknames of "London Assurance" and "The Cool of the Evening," had coarsened into a pump, red-faced, pleasure-loving man of the world who, after twenty years of doing as he liked, was now prepared to consider the alleged advantages of marrying and settling down. Florence Nightingale had lightly troubled his emotions; but, deterred by his blatant worldliness, again and again she had refused his hand; and her suitor decided to abandon the pursuit with an equanimity that the far more romantic Miss Nightingale found somewhat chilling and disconcerting. His final choice fell on Miss

Annabel Crewe, described by Carlyle, his old and affectionate friend, as "about forty, pleasant, intelligent and rather rich," who married him in the summer of 1851 and proved a devoted, sympathetic and (one gathers) unusually tolerant companion until her death in 1874. Spiteful observers occasionally pretended to pity "Dicky Milnes's oppressed wife." But, if it had started as a marriage of reason, there is no doubt that the unequal alliance rapidly developed into one of real affection.

So much for Milnes, the respectable Yorkshire magnet whom Palmerston at last gratified with the peerage he had long and patiently angled for. But, within the framework of a contented domestic career, he still kept up his former activities. As gregarious and garrulous as ever, he travelled around Europe on as wide and as eccentric a course, and filled his houses in London and Yorkshire with as astonishing an assemblage of celebrated and talented guests. He was still extraordinarily sensitive to the presence of quality. As Froude remarked, he had "open eyes for genius, and reverence for it, truer and deeper than most of his contemporaries," even when (as Mr. Pope-Hennessy adds) it conducted him into regions where "he felt intellectually bewildered, morally disapproving or simply at a loss." The fact that his associates were often more distinguished than himself seems never to have spoiled his pleasure. She had a weakness for Lord Houghton, declared Julia Wedgwood, because there was

> something manqué about him, which always draws me towards people. I think in those odd omnium gatherum collections of his there is such a curious kind of aspiration after excellence in one walk or another, and then he is content to be 2nd rate himself, which very few people are.

Of the various associations to which his taste for excellence led, none is more interesting than his friendship with Swinburne—then the prodigious and fantastic youth whose table-talk, heard at Fryston, contributed so much to Henry Adams's education, "a tropical bird, high-crested, long-beaked, quick moving, with rapid utterance and screams of humour, quite unlike any English lark or nightingale." But it is not true, as Mr. Pope-Hennessy shows, that Milnes had a demoralising influence upon the author of *Poems and Ballads*, or that he had introduced him to the works of the Marquis de Sade merely for the perverse satisfaction of noting what the result might be. From the role of Machiavellian tempter, Milnes's virtues and his limitations would have alike debarred him. "Incapable of passionate love, lacking poetic or political genius, Milnes," his biographer writes, "was also incapable of real evil." Studies, that for Swinburne were a passionate preoccupation, which coloured his verse and threatened to upset his whole life, for his good-natured host were little more than an amusing worldly pastime. True, he possessed a precious erotic library; but is represented a single aspect of his researches into human nature—researches seldom so profound or daring as he himself perhaps imagined. Before setting out to read the lessons in church, he would quietly indicate to chosen friends where his chiefest treasures reposed. They had been purchased by his Parisian agent, an Englishman named Fred Hankey, given up heart and soul to the exploration of the sadistic vices—but in this, as in many other things, Monckton Milnes would appear to have played the part of the genially inquisitive trifler.

Trifling, however, his career was not. Connected at numerous points with men and women as diverse and important as Swinburne, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot—whose links with the story of Milnes Mr. Pope-Hennessy is able to illustrate by means of many interesting and hitherto unpublished documents—it covers a significant period of change in English social history. Milnes, born in 1809, passed the earlier half of his life amid the benefits of the "long, happy peace forged at the Congress of Vienna." Then, in 1854, the peace was broken; and, though he took the unpopular line of opposing the Crimean War (as, later, during the American Civil War, he was to adopt the almost equally unpopular line of siding with the Northern States) he could not escape from, and, indeed, did not entirely regret, the wide-spread social consequences. He watched the transition that occurred—which involved the final disappearance of aristocratic England—and noted how, from that moment, the English social landscape was never quite the same again; how the hurry and pressure of existence increased, and the sense of leisure and decorum vanished. Milnes was neither by birth an aristocrat, nor by convictions and tastes a thorough-going democrat; but his career furnishes a bridge between contrasted epochs. Condemned to remain an outsider, he saw much of the dramatic game that was enacted round him. His comments have sometimes a prophetic shrewdness, denied to luckier or busier contemporaries who agitated at the centre of affairs.

PETER QUENNELL

DENT

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DENT

TECHNIQUES OF TRAVEL

Turkish Delights. By MARIE NOELE KELLY. *Country Life.* 18*s.*
Sweet Waters: A Chilean Farm. By C. J. LAMBERT. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*
White Traveller in Black Africa. By COLIN WILLS. *Dennis Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Travelling, no less than writing, is an art; a travel-book depends as much on the author's approach to new scenes as his skill in depicting them. These three books describe countries which could hardly be more dissimilar—Turkey, Chile, British West Africa—yet the subject-matter contrasts less strikingly than the authors' handling of it. Their interests and sympathies, their techniques of travelling are so different that they seem to belong to different centuries; they have nothing in common except their intense enjoyment of their experiences.

Lady Kelly's *Turkish Delights* vibrates with the acute enthusiasm which has characterised the works of the best women travel-writers. Like her predecessor in describing this country, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, also an ambassador's wife, she was enchanted by Turkey and used her privileged position to see as much of it as possible. Her attitude, moreover, is very much that of an eighteenth-century traveller, in that she judges art and nature according to certain classical canons of taste, prizing a "well balanced view" and the "symmetry" of a building.

Few countries could have been more congenial to her. Turkey, with its stupendous wealth of architectural remains, witness to the grandiose civilisations, Greco-Roman, Byzantine, Seljuk, Ottoman and others more remote, which worked out their history on its austere plateaux and luxuriant coasts, offers countless delights to the sight-seer. For Lady Kelly is a sight-seer in the best sense of the term; that is to say she conceives that the proper business of a traveller is to travel with the eyes, the "eyes of the mind," as she aptly puts it, "trying to remember all one has read and apply it to the places visited," and with the "physical eye," so that "the intellectual and physical vision jostle one another" until seeing becomes "the most devastating of pleasures."

She accomplishes this dual role over a vast territory, ranging from minaretted Istanbul to the ruined marble cities of the Mediterranean coast, across the formidable Taurus and Anatolian uplands to far away Erzurum and Trabzon on the Black Sea. The territory is too vast to be treated in detail, or always with clarity. She is at her best, I think, when describing isolated monuments like the superb Greek theatre of Miletus or the ghostly Hittite fortress of Gavur Kalesi; in her chapter on the fabulous coastal region of Antioch, Pompeiopolis and old Iskanderun, where she saw a mound "cut through like a cake" to reveal twenty-six levels of human occupation dating from Neolithic to medieval times, the multitude of ruins and their historical associations almost overwhelms author and reader.

But if she sometimes assumes in her reader a knowledge of history and art unlikely in those who will be most attracted to her book, she is equipped with a genuinely sensitive artistic appreciation and a broad European cultural background such as befits one whose native language is French. Her writing, as she points out in her preface, was handicapped by this linguistic difficulty; but a certain amateurishness in her style is betrayed less by occasional Gallicisms than by a too liberal use of quotations and foreign words, and a tendency to muffle her best effects by tautologous descriptions. This is a pity; such phrases as: "Priene lying wounded and in ruins" on the flank of Mount Mycale, "many pedestals were aching for their statues," "The ascent was glorious with enormous skies tipped at unusual angles," indicate an individual talent that deserves to be developed.

While Lady Kelly's book reflects the spirit of the eighteenth century, Mr. Lambert's *Sweet Waters* belongs to the nineteenth. After an Eton and Oxford education the author found himself the fortunate inheritor of a Chilean farm of sixty square miles, the creation of paternal capitalist enterprise of the last century. Here a grandparent, enriched by Chilean copper, tunnelled a canal through a mountain to irrigate five hundred acre fields and established an almost self-supporting community where a thousand or so peons worked as *obligados*, unpaid, but provided with food, houses and land. Here the author and his wife, returning to Chile after the first world war, maintained the family tradition, keeping open house to travellers, hunting, shooting and occasionally riding into the wild Andes, caring for sick peons and supervising every detail of their work from the inoculation of cattle to the marking of linen with dye drawn from the avocado pear. His references to the peons, natural craftsmen, superb horsemen and dancers, who were to be heard at night chanting *tristes*—songs of "passionate love that is never returned"—arouse a curiosity that he leaves unsatisfied. He is more interested in nature than in man, and

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Mr. Wills's *White Traveller in Black Africa* is a travel-book typical of our time, being a study of political and sociological relationships. True to our time it covers too much too quickly: the politically dynamic Gold Coast, far-stretching Nigeria, Gambia and Sierra Leone in two hundred pages, recording a journey which, one feels, was correspondingly brief. The author certainly seized every opportunity of collecting information, travelling tirelessly from end to end of these territories, interviewing African chiefs and British officials and visiting the schools, hospitals and agricultural experimental stations which testify to the emergence of the new Africa. His is a balanced view of racial problems, sympathetic to the Africans; it is only to be regretted that he could not achieve any intimacy with them beyond that afforded by brief conversations. But with all its obvious limitations this book does serve the purpose of showing that the White Man's Grave is a region neither barbaric nor imitatively European, and that a white traveller to-day can cross the country where Mungo Park begged and starved, was beaten and robbed, rather more commodiously than some parts of southern Italy.

DOROTHY CARRINGTON

THE LITTLE CORPORAL

Napoleon Bonaparte: His Rise and Fall. By J. M. THOMPSON. *Blackwell.* 35*s.*

Napoleon made so deep a dint in the world that the world has never since stopped talking about him. He seemed too big for Europe when alive; and after death he has grown too big for his biographers. Kircheisen, when publishing his *Life of Napoleon* in nine volumes, calculated that he had consulted 100,000 works bearing upon the subject. A new *Life* therefore within the comparatively small compass of 400 pages must be a bold venture in compression. Mr. Thompson admits frankly that he has not perused 100,000 books, but he is thoroughly acquainted with the 32 solid volumes of Napoleon's Correspondence, published by Napoleon III; and it is on this authentic material that he bases the present study. By keeping strictly to the primary documents and paying scant attention to the distracting effusions of memoir-writers, Mr. Thompson hopes to exorcise that bane of serious historians, the Napoleonic legend.

This abstemious approach, it must be confessed, has led to a certain insipidity in the result. The Emperor was a man of action and not so brilliant with the pen; and the quotation of long translated excerpts from his letters does nothing to enliven the story. Moreover with the passage of time he became less and less enamoured of truth; and when it comes to his latter-day cogitations I fear that he has led Mr. Thompson a considerable distance up the garden paths of St. Helena. After all, the finest exponent of the Napoleonic legend was Napoleon himself: of all memoir-writers he is the most unreliable.

As regards Wellington, to take a notable instance, Mr. Thompson should have been more on guard. Napoleon affected to despise Wellington as a general and never forgave him for the disillusionment at Waterloo. In consequence the importance of the Peninsular War had to be depreciated as of no significance in his grand European plans. Mr. Thompson with some naivety follows suit: he does not hesitate to call Spain "a side-show" in the ultimate defeat of Napoleon; he even presumes to find fault with Wellington's tactics in the Waterloo campaign. Napoleon has almost mesmerised his latest biographer to join with him in the peculiar belief that Waterloo was *une journée incompréhensible*. Old Talleyrand was not such a fool about Spain; he didn't wait for Moscow, but judged it high time to leave the sinking ship as soon as it sprang a leak in the Peninsula.

But, if Wellington did not win the victory over the Emperor, who did? English sea-power? Russian snow? French casualty lists? None of these apparently, but Pius VII of all people! This curious hypothesis is never openly stated, but is advanced surreptitiously by cryptic innuendoes such as:

> Did he not feel, throughout his contest with the Papacy—concealing it even from himself in a cloud of words—that Pius was the only man in Europe who might defeat him with his own weapons, with a counter-claim to world-conquest backed by an international army?

It is remarkable too that Mr. Thompson seems to feel more deep distress at Napoleon's cruelty to Pius and his cardinals than at all the carnage on the battlefields. Roman Catholicism is on the march again; but the credit for Napoleon's defeat will be a queer new feather to wear in its cap.

Mr. Thompson's attitude to his main thesis, the Rise and Fall of Napoleon, again shows traces of clerical predilection. In 1801 the Concordat was signed, reintroducing the Catholic religion and Catholic observances to France. This resumed amity between Church and State lasted until 1804, when Pius blessed the Emperor's coronation in Notre Dame, but disintegrated soon after when Napoleon began violating the terms of the Concordat. It is small wonder then that Mr. Thompson plots the exact zenith of Napoleon's career in the year 1804. On other grounds, however, 1804 is not such a bad year to choose. At that date he had completed his brilliant work as First Consul in the field of administration, of which the Code Napoleon stands as a testimonial to this day: he had lopped off the excesses of the Jacobins and grafted the more fruitful branches of the Revolution on to the barren feudal stock of the *ancien régime*, creating a new-model France; he had not yet murdered the Duc d'Enghien; and he had not yet baptised his Empire in blood.

Inquiry into a human being's rise and fall is, however, just one of the those academic problems which scholars like to pose themselves and then puzzle out. A man is not a rocket, to go up and down by nature: and the trajectory of Napoleon can hardly be determined in the language of ballistics. His path surely was far more like that of a comet, streaming across the firmament in a blaze of self-importance, but a portent of evil to the rest of mankind. We have lived to see just such another ill-omened comet—and by strange coincidence he too was nicknamed The Corporal—glare overhead for a while, and then vanish in dust and execration. Is Hitler too to be honoured with a legend? Was he too defeated by the Pope?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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NEW NOVELS

The Pillar. By DAVID WALKER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Leaves for the Burning. By MERVYN WALL. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Rebellion of the Hanged. By B. TRAVEN. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No Time to be Young. By MERVYN JONES. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Pillar, thank goodness, removes possibilities of disquiet concerning Mr. David Walker, and answers questions left unanswered by *Geordie*, that lovely fluke. It is the long, economical, impeccable story of six British officers who, like Mr. Walker himself, were captured at the time of Dunkirk, and pounced upon whenever they succeeded in escaping. Each has a section to himself, complete with flashback to civilian life, so that each is seen in turn through his own eyes and everyone else's. Mark, the professional soldier, and Adrian, the future writer, are the most interesting and least convincing, perhaps because they constitute the two halves of their author at the time, while the others are created and whole. Busty tells dirty stories, Bob makes ladders and trapdoors, Keith pities himself and cooks the food, Peter learns to forget that he belongs to the upper middle-class. This isn't just another novel about an escape—it is about every kind of escape—bridging the wire, sawing through a railway truck, tunnelling, riding in the camp refuse-cart, sliding down a rope from the castle privy—set-pieces rich in the exciting technicality that is one of the open but neglected secrets of good realism. This is an officers' war-novel—inevitably, because birds of a feather are cooped together, and legitimately, because Mr. Walker has every right to limit his terms of reference. So there's no place here for the soldier who is so absurdly called "private." In the field he bears not only danger and death, the officer's burdens, but an inferior standard of living and the accumulated rears and boots soles of all ranks from lance-corporal to field-marshal. In captivity he works in salt-mines and turnip-fields, while his superior officers have leisure to dig their tunnels or attend lectures on business methods. And his absence prevents any war-novel from being universal. Nevertheless, *The Pillar* is thrilling, touching, funny and well-written. If Mr. Walker can recapture the wonder and innocence and irrationality of *Geordie*, he may yet be named with the few youngish novelists of promise and fulfilment who have emerged during and since the war—with Nigel Balchin, P. H. Newby, Howard and Winston Clewes, Alexander Baron, Francis King. His fundamentally kind view of humanity is no discredit to him, being more genuine than his inferiors' modish senses of guilt.

Mr. Walker's Pillar is "the strong pillar of comradeship"; his novel balances on the pillar of competence, which in art is not the least of the pillars of wisdom. But in and since the last war we have had no other, and if we can't find the other six somewhere, then the skies will fall, the skies of our literature at least. Topicality will have to go. The writer has yet to appear who will discover what is universal in our generation; and it will turn out to be something completely unexpected, something that has never occurred to any of us. The first great novel since the death

of Joyce will not be set in a prison-camp, or a factory, or a small back room, or a space-rocket; it is quite likely to take place in a drawing-room.

Mr. Wall is an artist with a future, an Irishman who has put his birthright of humour and fantasy into a personal distilling-business that is beginning to pay, a satirist full of integrity but not yet integrated. I love his earlier *Fursey* novels dearly. Most of *Leaves for the Burning*, his first semi-serious novel, is set in precincts that James Joyce and Dr. Gogarty have made holy ground—the Irish bar-room. Three ageing graduates of University College, Dublin, have sold their individualities twenty years ago for comfort, and find they have forfeited both price and purchase. They embark on a week-long pub-crawl across Ireland to Yeats's funeral at Sligo:

"Sorry to hear of your trouble," said the Doctor, "was he a relative, or just a friend?"

—and never get there, indeed, never get anywhere. *Leaves for the Burning*, with its good poetry and comedy, its rainy landscapes, drunken chatter, and jokes about dogs, is a satire on the impossibility of getting anywhere in Ireland. The one-street village, the county town with its new dog-biscuit factory, Dublin itself with its sham intellectuals squandering the legacy of Yeats, are shown as uninhabitable country for the artist. Mr. Wall is wrestling, as yet unsatisfactorily, with the special problems of the wild goose who stays at home. The fact is, every country is uninhabitable for the artist—his compensation is, that wherever he may happen to be, even the Irish Free State, is the centre of the world. Grafting demagogues, hypocrites and Philistines formed ninety-nine hundredths of the population of fifth-century Athens, and Aristophanes did very nicely out of them; but before they can become the Sausage-Seller of *The Knights*, or Tartuffe, or Mr. Bloom, or whomsoever Mr. Wall has it in him to create, they must be "changed, changed utterly." Topical bitterness is not *saeva indignatio*.

B. Traven was a mere name to me—I haven't read *The Death Ship*, nor seen *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. It seems he is a mere name to everybody; this extraordinary unknown has sold several millions of copies in sixteen languages and countries, yet none of his publishers, nor even his agent in Mexico through whom his royalties pass, has ever seen him. *The Rebellion of the Hanged* describes a minor incident in the Mexican revolution of 1911, when a camp of Indian mahogany-cutters massacre their fiendlike foremen and masters and march to find the army. There are appalling scenes,—though B. Traven somehow avoids the shudder of sadism. His dialogue has a stilted naivety that can't be a sheer invention of his circular relay of translators, from English via Swiss-German and Costa-Rica Spanish back to English. "The last blow has filled the cup and now I'm ready to kick the bucket without worrying about what it can cost me," says the rebel Indian, and "Damn and blast it all," yells the enraged boss, or "Shut your mug if you don't want me to cut you to pieces with this whip, insolent." The writer of best-sellers is nearly always sincere: he finds it easy, not atrociously laborious, to write the book he has in him, and his belief that art is short and life is long is shared by his enormous public.

Mr. Jones's novel about a rather priggish girl is told by the heroine in the first person, a device with which hardly any male novelist could be good enough to get away. She grows up through the France and England of the 1930s, meeting all the wrong people, until she finds a lover of the correct political complexion, a Spanish soldier on the right, that is Left, side in the Spanish Civil War who is mured and murdered in a French internment camp. The most promising thing about this first novel is its narrative rhythm; one realises, when riding on sentences each of which carries forward to the next, how rare this quality is, and that it is perhaps more important than plot. So Mr. Jones has talent; his title and his French grandmother are good, too.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

COLETTE'S CATS AND DOGS

Creatures Great and Small. By COLETTE. Translated by ENID MCLEOD. *Secker & Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Dogs and cats are, or have become, very much like ourselves. Their thousands of years of domestication have gradually bestowed on them many of the reactions, affectations and neuroses of their masters. (Dogs have their own psycho-analyst in New York.) Yet they are not the same. Their senses are finer, their loves and hates more reasonable, than man's; and there are whole areas of their minds to which we have no key. The best we can do is by patient observation; and even here, there are so many ways of interpreting what we see that fifty observers of the same creature may reach fifty conclusions.

Mme Colette, who writes with such beautiful precision and shows such a nicety of observation that I should at least attempt to read a book about goldfish if she wrote one, has spent a long life surrounded by cats and dogs and pet creatures, and has found them no less worthy of attention than men and women. The analytical method she has adopted in writing about them is highly unscientific, but very taking. Recognising their odd likeness to ourselves, she interprets animals through dialogue or monologue, almost as though they *were* the human types that they resemble. The result is both shrewd and charming, and fascinates in small doses, since everyone who has ever doted on cat or dog has done the same thing, though not so well. We see the animal, and the outline of the human type as well, as though by some stereoscopic trick of presentation.

"*A quiet drawing-room in winter twilight. There is a wood fire in the chimney. The old Persian she-cat, very meticulous about everything as old people are, is washing herself. She takes her time over it, having nothing else to do. The French bull-dog roasts her right flank when the left is done to a turn, then the left again when the right can bear no more. . . .*

THE OLD PERSIAN (to herself as she washes. She maunders, but in an extremely distinguished way.) "Good heavens, a hair out of place. . . . Dear me, a flea's egg . . . and what's this, a blade of dry grass. Fie on it, a bit of flea dung. . . . Good heavens, a hair out of place. . . . Dear me, &c., etc., etc. (She continues in the same strain.)"

The Persian cat is distinct to the eye in every detail, but scarcely less so is that other, invisible old lady, who "maunders, but in an extremely distinguished way."

Mme Colette's great loves have been French bulldogs, collies, Persian cats; but she has been deeply involved as well with strays of all kinds, with those tiny shivering exotic dogs that lie in the palm of one's hand, with birds both wild and captive, with snakes and, yes, even with goldfish. Her animal dialogues and monologues are attractive and amusing and full of delicate perception; yet they pall after a time; her shorter sketches and straightforward descriptions are, after all, the most successful. But in any case, this is a book to be taken in very small sips only; it is the kind of thing that, however beautifully done, too soon becomes a bore. Mme Colette is evidently aware of this, for the book before us is really four separate short books, published in Paris between 1904 and 1930, and here gathered together and translated for the first time. (The translation certainly deserves high praise.) It is a perfect bedside book for those who like to read something light and charming for not more than five minutes a night.

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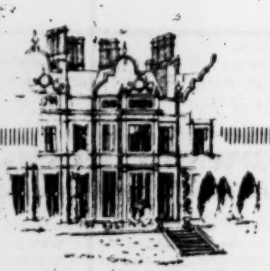

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settlement. In the absence of further Fawcett expeditions the only really interesting books that could be written about these regions would probably be by the missionaries, whose heroic experiences the author reports in some fascinating conversations.

Unequipped for such adventures, Mr. Grieve had no choice but to write a book about the slapdash colonial life of the rivers. This he does with admirable humour and the observation methods of a trained journalist. These are most effective when applied to odd people and situations: his account, for instance, of his final voyage in a paddle-steamer lashed to a house-boat and a couple of thatched junks, in which the fantastically assorted passengers enjoyed a bacchanalian communal life to the non-stop accompaniment of a travelling orchestra while the mate engaged in river-trading and the captain in duck-shooting, is brilliant. The disadvantage of such methods is that they deter the author from looking beyond appearances. The habit of unremitting superficial observation dulls curiosity concerning the real character of places and the struggles and passions of those who live in them.

The Gods of the Greeks. By C. KERÉNYI. *Thames & Hudson.* 18*s.*

Professor Kerényi has undertaken what has often been attempted; the writing of a coherent account of Greek mythology for lay readers. The form he chooses is that of the precise *raconteur;* he uses the first person and assumes a complete Grecian heritage, with all the remaining evidence from Homer to the last scholiast, not forgetting works of art, at his fingertips. With such an immense wealth to declare, he has no time for any but an unadorned style, and indeed the complications of myth demand clarity, the teller being obliged from the very start to give three distinct versions of the origin of all things. The complex genealogies of the gods lead him from the begetting of the Titans, from Aphrodite under all her titles and aspects, to the reign of Zeus, to Apollon and Hermes, touching the affairs of Pan, nymphs, satyrs, cosmogonies and the birth of mankind, until he reaches the ineffable mysteries of Dionysos. There are hosts of greater and lesser deities to reckon with by juxtaposing tales or fragments of love and death, of rivalries, bloodshed, generous fertility, the mishaps of rape, incest and metamorphosis, or crimes and punishments.

The solid narrative that results is fortunately presented in a way that brings themes and variations into relief, and, wisely, this harrowing collection is not subjected to any commentary. Professor Kerényi takes the view that the adult reader, whose understanding has been tempered by some knowledge of psychology, can see the material as its own justification, a compact image of Greek antiquity. Nevertheless, the work is too rich in content to be digested at once, and is rather a handbook to basic mythology, an introduction to Greek literature even. The illustrations from vase paintings are excellent, and the German text has been well rendered by Norman Cameron.

Main Fleet to Singapore. By CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL. *Faber.* 18*s.*

The loss of Singapore and of the two great ships that had been sent out to protect it was the worst British disaster in the second World War; and the causes of this disaster deserved thorough examination. Captain Grenfell has the rare gift of expounding strategical questions effectively for the layman. His book is a model of naval history and, as well, a great pleasure to read. Singapore was built to take the "main fleet" which was to be sent to the Far East in case of trouble with Japan; instead, when it came to the point, there was no fleet to send, and no aeroplanes to protect the two ships that were sent as a substitute. Captain Grenfell distributes blame impartially—to Treasury meanness between the wars; to those of us who called for "scholarships, not battleships"; to the Chiefs of Staff who starved Singapore of aeroplanes; but, most of all, to the Minister of Defence, Mr. Churchill, who thought of the two ships as a "vague menace" instead of facing the realities of sea-power. At a time when Mr. Churchill is being presented as a master of strategy, it is a good thing to be reminded of the disaster which came from having a literary amateur in charge of a great war. Captain Grenfell is an extremist of the "Blue-water school," and his general comments are controversial. But it is difficult to dispute his analysis of the Singapore campaign or his laying the main responsibility for its loss on Mr. Churchill.

Sculpture in England: I, Medieval; II, Renaissance to Early XIX Century. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d. each.*

In these two attractive books, published for the British Council, something is at last done in England that has been done brilliantly again and again on the Continent in recent years. Each book contains between fifty and sixty magnificent photographs, finely reproduced, and they are published at a comparatively moderate price. Every editor would make a different selection, but many of the masterpieces are here; and at their best, as in Pierce's splendid *Wren* or in some of the Westminster effigies, the works illustrated could hold their own in almost any company. The second volume illustrates the work both of English, and also of foreign, sculptors, who worked in England; and in reproducing chromolithographs of the most sickly-sweet Victorian sculpture, to show the *reductio ad absurdum* of a tendency, it perhaps wastes good plates and attempts to do too much. But both books deserve, and will get, a hearty welcome.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. RUBBRA: No. 5, B flat, Op. 63 (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 21384-7). In this work Edmund Rubbra has managed to avoid the monotonous texture that makes his earlier symphonies so difficult to listen to. The thematic material is very subtly connected in true symphonic style and the impression is made of a finely sustained, solid piece of music. From the point of view of British music this is an important issue; I wish I could add that the recording did justice to the performance. Alas! it does not: the string tone is edgy and confined, the brass congested; the timpani are so far back as to be inaudible below *mf*; and there is some really disgusting tone in the heaviest tutti (e.g., towards the end of side 3). DVORAK: No. 4, G major (Concertgebouw/Szell. *LXT 2641). Apart from a beautifully clear and comfortable recording, the really outstanding feature of this issue is Georg Szell's conducting, which is that of a thorough and above all *sensible* musician. We perceive every movement as it were through a pane of clean, even glass—instead of in a distorting mirror or through the bottom of a green bottle. I have only one complaint: the first flute is thin, rather breathless and far too distant. BERLIOZ: *Symphonie Fantastique* (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. *LXT 2642). Van Beinum's sensitive and thrilling account of this symphony was at one time available in an SP version which was quickly withdrawn. Its reappearance in LP form is greatly to be welcomed, for it is well made and is in every way the best recording now on the market. SCHUBERT: No. 5, B flat major (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. AX 451-3). So routine a performance is a sad surprise. The innocent charm of this popular work is tarnished by apparent lack of interest and by a recording that takes all the quality out of the instrumental timbres. Old Beecham set (Col) still the best. HAYDN: No. 47, G major (Vienna Chamber Orch/Litschauer. R 20600-2). A good performance of a fine though rarely heard symphony. The recording is thoroughly dead and distorts badly in places.

Concertos. GRIEG: Piano Concerto (Gieseking/Philharmonia/Karajan. LX 1503-6); Ditto (Curzon/LSO/Fistoulari. *LXT 3065). For those who possess LP equipment there would seem to me no question as to which of these issues to buy. The LP is one of the very best concerto recordings I have heard and Clifford Curzon's solo is a model of brilliance and sensibility. Gieseking, admittedly, has as usual moments of inimitable personality (notably his announcement of the opening theme); but I have the impression that he and Karajan were not at

one as to the conduct of the work, which sounds under-rehearsed. The recording, moreover, is very unpleasant, with tubby piano tone and orchestrally out of focus. Those who must have SP are strongly advised to retain the splendid Lipatti set. MOZART: No. 23, A major, K 488 (Gieseking/Philharmonia/Karajan. LX 1510-2 and LXS 1513). Sorry! but I can't like this any better. In the opening Allegro the soloist plays as if to himself, seeming not to wish to *present* the piano part to us at all. The result is simply flaccid and not improved by a recording as disagreeable as that of the Grieg. The Siciliana, on the other hand, is beautifully played; but the Finale (as so often) is pointlessly hurried. The Curzon set (Decca), though not ideal, is on the whole much the better of the two. FALLA: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* (Rubinstein/St. Louis Sym Orch/Golschmann. DB21128-30). This set compares most unfavourably with the fine LP (Decca) reviewed last month. Rubinstein polishes off the solo with tasteless bravura and not much inkling that the title of the music means anything. The recording has all the faults with which readers of this column must long ago have become tediously familiar. HANDEL: Concerti grossi, Op. 6, No. 5, D major; No. 6, G minor (Boyd Neel String Orch. *LX 3055). These LP "remakes" of the Handel Concerti grossi are among the best things Boyd Neel has given us, and the most recent disc seems to me even more sparkling than the rest. The recording, too, is exemplary.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. WAGNER: *Die Götterdämmerung*—Siegfried's Funeral March (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB 6946). This is the kind of thing which suits Furtwängler down to the ground. I see no necessity for the rallentando in the semiquaver passages which are a significant part of the march theme; but this is a small point and the performance as a whole has the noble gravity that is the essence of the music. The recording, if not quite of the best, copes successfully with this very full score. MENDELSSOHN: Overture—*The Fair Melusina* (RPO/Beecham. DB9711-2). This pellucid, classical piece, of which the main theme was, I suspect, borrowed by Wagner for the opening of *Das Rheingold*, was well worth reviving. Sir Thomas conducts it with evident affection, but the recording is so unspeakably bad that I am surprised it was passed. GABRIELI: Canzoni, Ricercari, and Chori for single and double-brass choirs; PETZEL: Four Sonatas for five-voiced brass choir (Shuman Brass Choir. Nixa *SPLP 526). These interesting seventeenth-century oddities—examples of what the Germans call *Turm-Musik*: open-air pieces intended for performance in public squares or from castle ramparts—are played with brilliant conviction and considerable virtuosity. The recording is clean enough, though in the nature of the case this music is not well suited to extended listening in a room; but the disc will be invaluable to all those interested in the history of music. JOHANN and JOSEF STRAUSS: "New Year Concert" (Vienna Phil/Krauss. *LXT 2645). A kind of Lucky Dip containing nine pieces, two of them well known, the rest quite unfamiliar to British listeners. It is a joy at last to have a really complete version of *G'schichten aus dem Wiener Wald*—surely Johann Strauss's most deeply musical work outside *Fledermaus*. Here we have the long and poetic introduction in its entirety, with the zither solo which adds so much to the picturesque impression (it recurs in the coda, where it is usually replaced by a solo violin, to the detriment of the effect). The orchestral performance is dazzling, especially here and in the *Train Polka*; the only fault I have to find with Clemens Krauss's wonderfully refined conducting is that he seems to me to take the *Pizzicato Polka* really too slow. The recording is excellent. Also recommended: GRIEG: *Peer Gynt* Suite No. 1 (LPO/Cameron. AX 421-2); OFFENBACH: *Gaieté Parisienne*—Complete ballet (Boston Prom Orch/Fiedler. C 4147-50); GRIEG: Symphonic Dance No. 1 (Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C 4142); GOUNOD: *Faust*—Ballet Music (Covent Garden Orch/Rignold. PW 8002-3). In all these issues the conducting is in excellent style, the recording agreeably spacious.

Chamber Music and Piano. HAYDN: String Quartets, C major, Op. 76, No. 3 ("Emperor") and D minor Op. 76, No. 2 ("Fifths") (Galimir Qt. Nixa *SPLP 504). A most welcome coupling, for the recent Amadeus Qt. version of the "Emperor" was over-strenuous, while the only other available set of the "Fifths" (Pascal Qt. —HMV) was an early, and poor, tape dubbing. The Galimir play this music very competently indeed, and the recording, though too dry, has the merit of extreme clarity. MENDELSSOHN: *Rondo Capriccioso* (Arrau. LX 1515). This old favourite is rather disappointingly played. There is too much "expressive" rubato in the Introduction, and the Rondo itself could have been more sparkling—as well as more correct. The recording is fair, but the surfaces are rather heavy. SCHUBERT: Impromptu, F minor, Op. 142, No. 1 (Schnabel. DB 21382). As in one or two previous cases, the Fischer version (HMV) seems to me distinctly preferable. Schnabel's rendering is rather slapdash, and in the long second section the arpeggio figure is distractingly uneven. CHOPIN: Mazurkas, A minor, Op. 17, No. 4; B flat major, Op. 7, No. 1; C major, Op. 68, No. 1 (Stefanska. C 4143). Halina Stefanska gives a beautifully idiomatic account of these exquisite pieces, and the recording is admirable. The melancholy A minor Mazurka is one of the most lovely and characteristic of Chopin's smaller pieces and this is to my mind easily the best available recording of it. DEBUSSY: *Feux d'artifice*; *The Little Shepherd* and *Golliwog's Cakewalk* (from *Children's Corner*) (Scherzer. E 11495). This scrappy collection would have to be much more imaginatively played to be at all enthusiastically recommended. The recording, however, is good.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

(To be concluded)

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,146

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation, in not more than 16 lines of rhyming dialogue, between the Dodo and the Skylon on their possible fates, which are at present under consideration. Entries by February 19th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,143

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit, 150 words) from a Marriage Guidance Counsellor's advice to any one of the following couples: Tolstoys, Carlyles, Shandys, Bovarys, Gargerys, Miltons (any of the three Mrs. M's.), Shakespeares, Macbeths, Leontes and Hermione, Menelaus and Helen.

Report by Arachne McLeod

Nearly everyone rushed to help the Macbeths: few were concerned with the more humdrum friction of the Bovarys or Gargerys. From a large entry, the following deserve to be quoted. On the Macbeths: "The husband should put himself in his wife's place and accept her urge to be unsexed as a biological peculiarity, occasioned perhaps by housekeeping troubles and the prevalence in the area of owls, bats, ravens and shard-borne beetles" (J. F. Marshall). "Never 'nag' your husband, even if his behaviour at the dinner-table when you have friends in isn't all it might be" (Claude Franks). "As for the unfortunate affair at Inverness, my advice to you is this: simply wash your hands of the whole business!" (Eugene Hicks). Leontes and Hermione: "It might be advisable if you refrained from wearing quite such off-the-shoulder frocks when entertaining visiting royalty" (Cedric Flower). Miltons: "It's no good telling me Mary can trip a measure but can't scan. Relax a little: take her out occasionally to a witch-

Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

SUCCESSFUL TRADING

The forty-third annual general meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Ltd., will be held in London on February 29.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. S. V. Swash, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1951:—

It is my privilege to place before you the directors' report and accounts resulting from a very successful year's trading. The past year carried its own crop of troubles, notably in the matter of stock control, and there has been much publicity concerning excessive inventories, customer resistance and the general difficulties of retail trading. When conditions are difficult we get further evidence of the broad-based nature of your business, and certainly the figures shown in the Report would never have been possible without a very satisfactory increase in sales. Your Board is highly gratified by this proof of public approval of the variety, quality and price of the merchandise offered and the service given by Woolworth stores.

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Your Board endeavours to keep these distribution costs down to the minimum, and this is the prime object of your company's operations. A competitive system, while never perfect, does eliminate untold abuses and inefficiencies that breed, thrive and multiply in the dark undergrowth of controls. An adult civilisation should endeavour to work with the minimum of controls and the minimum of taxation.

The dividend is unchanged from last year's and, whilst there might be some ground for considering there was scope for an increase the main reasons leading your Board to maintain the figure are some uncertainty in the supply position, the penal rates of taxation, particularly the Distributed Profits Tax and the announced definite imposition of an Excess Profit Tax for 1952.

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hunt and buy her a new bonnet; and always remember that a paradise earned is never a paradise lost." (J. R. Till). Menelaus and Helen: 'If she seems bored, try taking her out more. You say an expedition to the shipbuilders was a success' (J. B. B. Aris). Honourable mention to these; a guinea each to Colin Watson, Elaine Morgan, L. E. J.; three guineas to be divided between Granville Garley, T. B. Tomlinson, Guy Innes and Allan M. Laing.

THE MACBETHS

. . . Now don't be offended, but from what you've said I'd guess that you'd already taken some sort of professional advice. Am I right? Yes, I thought so. Psychiatrist?" Quite, quite. . . . What, three of them? And women? Ah, now we're getting somewhere. You realise, of course, that we lay fellows mustn't cut across the experts. Couldn't get along without them. But women. . . . Weird, you say? Mind you, I'm not going all the way to agree there. Even women psychiatrists are human. Between ourselves, that's just the trouble. They're like all their sex at heart—if you'll excuse me, Mrs. M.—always one eye on a washing machine or television or something. Frankly now, don't you think the advice of these good ladies smacked just the teeniest bit of Keeping Up with the Duncans? Come along, be honest. . . . COLIN WATSON

To Lady Macbeth—Above all, don't irritate him in the evenings. Could you give up knitting? especially difficult garments where you have to keep unravelling the sleeves. Do watch the furnace—coming in tired and sore, he relies on having a hot bath. Malted milk? Yes, excellent. But he states, "When my drink is ready, she strikes upon the bell." Wouldn't it be friendlier to *take* it to him?

I think the falsies were a mistake. He considers such adornment perilous stuff, and it has weighed on him rather. Don't scold the servants in front of him. If there is domestic malice, he prefers it not to touch him. . . .

To Macbeth—Your wife, having experienced motherhood and knowing how tender it is, nevertheless has avoided another pregnancy because you once insisted she bring forth men-children only, and this she cannot ensure. Never forget that women have literal minds. . . . ELAINE MORGAN

General Macbeth—Avoid: country walks, late night banquets, blank verse. SLEEP ALONE.

Lady Macbeth—Eat little red meat. Lace your evening posset with mandragora or some such soothing syrup. Don't take snap decisions on matters of domestic policy. SLEEP ALONE.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

MENELAUS AND HELEN

M.G. Counsellor: You, Menelaus, must make allowances. Would *you* have been faithful, do you think, if you had inherited your temperament from Zeus?

Menelaus: My father-in-law was a swan. Swans pair for life.

Coun.: That's just a quibble; we all know who the Swan was. Then again, what young married woman doesn't long to go to Paris?

Men.: But not for ten years.

Coun.: Ten years of Cassandra—and Hector, Hector, Hector—was it so amusing?

Men.: She married Deiphobus.

Coun.: *After* you had started proceedings. And she betrayed him to you, didn't she? What more could she do?—And you, Helen, can't you forgive?

Men.: Forgive *me?* Well, I'm—

Coun.: My dear man, if Helen forgives you it doesn't mean you were wrong. It only means she wants to come home.

Helen: His home is so frightfully Spartan—

Coun.: Was, perhaps. But with his war-spoils, oriental rugs, tripods—

Helen: Very well. For little Hermione's sake.

Men.: Hermione?

Coun.: Your daughter.

Men.: I'd clean forgotten! O.K. L. E. J.

THE MILTONS

. . . worried about that Sin and Death allegory in your husband's new poem. I don't think he means you or your family to come into it at all, Mrs. Milton. Of course, I know his views on Divorce are a little advanced, but this is only his exaggerated sense of public responsibility. It's nothing to do with you, really.

And Mr. Milton. What you need is something to steady your mind. Give up writing for the popular press. Your genius is unlimited—why not try turning that Apostasy script you're working on into an epic or something really big? You might keep it vaguely religious; and add a moral to wrap up that insecurity complex of yours. "Justify the Ways of God to Man. . . ."

You two folks have just got to stop being suspicious of each other. Why, there's nothing wrong with a man being in love with his wife! T. B. TOMLINSON

THE SHANDYS

Buy an electric clock: you will not have to suspend vital operations in order to wind it up.

GUY INNES

THE CARLYLES

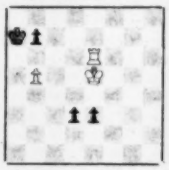
Well, you are a nice pair of love-birds! Seeing that divorce for you is impossible, and would in any case involve the risk of re-marriage and the consequent misery of two more people, I can only recommend a judicial separation. The more you are together, the unhappier you'll be. ALLAN M. LAING

CHESS: Perfect Study?

No. 123

It may well be argued that few things are ever quite perfect and that hardly anything created by man is so good that it could not do with some improvement. Thus, evidently, thinks V. Korolkov, the famous Soviet composer who, when acting as a juror in problem competitions, likes to add some additional spice even to those entries considered "perfect" enough to be worthy of a prize. Here, e.g., is a study by A. Cholkov awarded third prize by juror Korolkov in a 1946 competition. White is to move and draw, and our more experienced solvers would not take long to see that the author's basic conception is a mixture of stalemate and repetition ideas. (1) Kt-B7, BxKt. (2) P queens, BxQ (3) RxP. If now Black gives the discovered check by R-B2 White corners his K, and after RxKt White simply continues to oppose the Black R by his own, thus achieving his end either by repetition or by stalemate. But the more tricky line is (3) . . . R-KKt5 ch (4) K-R1, RxR (5) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt6 (6) Kt-K4 ch, KxP (7) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt6 (8) Kt-K4 ch, K-B6 (9) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-B7 (10) Kt-K4 ch, K-B8 (11) Kt-Q2 ch, etc. Pretty enough! Yet, Korolkov hopes to have "perfected" it by adding his own overture, as it were, to Cholkov's opera. (1) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt5 (2) PxP ch would obviously be refuted by K-Kt6; so White plays (2) RxP, secure in the knowledge that (2) . . . R-B8 ch (3) KxR, P-R7 can be defeated by (4) R-K4 ch, followed by Kt-B6 ch etc. Black's best line is clearly (2) . . . B-Kt3 ch (3) K-R2, B-B2 (4) PxP ch, K-B6 (5) R-KKt2, and here the overture ends and the curtain rises on Cholkov's own piece. Obviously, White could not play K-R1 on his 3rd move, on account of R-B8 ch, followed by B-B2. Nor could White on his 4th play K-Kt1, because now R-B8 ch, followed by P-R7 would be a win for Black, since White's R-K4 ch could be interposed by the B. I wonder if readers prefer this piece with or without its overture.

A: Richter 1939



Since the majority of my correspondents repeatedly confirmed to derive the most practical benefits from end-game studies rather than from problems I shall continue favouring studies in these competitions. But I cannot allow my heart to bleed any longer for scores of valiant competitors far too often stumped by far too many studies so backbreakingly difficult that I for one should have despaired of many of them but for my fortunate privilege of "cribbing" the solution. Hence, in future competitions at least one or two pieces will be fairly easy and at most one rather difficult. To inaugurate this new policy **A** and **B** may well be overrated with 4 and 5 ladder-points respectively. They are both game-positions reported by Kurt Richter and have this in common that White saves himself ingeniously from what looks like a hopeless position and proceeds to win in a few moves. As for **C** though—White to draw—even our crack-solvers should well find it worthy of their steel, and I would not consider 8 points too generous for a solution fathoming every subtlety of the piece.

B: Game-position 1912

C: A. Yaroslavtsev 1946

Usual prizes, entries by February 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 19

A: (1) P-R7 ch, K-R1, (2) B-Kt5, P-Kt6, (3) B-B1, P-Kt4, (4) B-R3, P-K5, (5) B-Kt2, P-Q3, (6) B-B1, P-Q4, (7) P-R3, P-Q5, (8) B x P, followed by B-B8 and B-Kt7 mate.

B: Key: Q-K8.

C: (1) P-K6, K-B1, (2) K-B2! P-KB4, (3) K-Kt1! P-R6, (4) K-R2, P-Kt5, (5) K-Kt3, P-B5 ch, (6) K-R2, P-R4, (7) P-B4! etc.

If (6) . . P-B4, (7) P-R4 also wins the pawns.

If (3) . . . P-Kt5, (4) K-Kt2, P-B5, (5) K-Kt1!

This was certainly one of the more difficult competitions, but even the subtleties of **C** were discovered by so many that, unable to mention them all I can, once again, award prizes to competitors who have never or not for some time appeared in a prize-list—surely an ironic coincidence on the very day when the new policy of easier competitions is announced. R. Chandra (who shares the prizes with G. E. Crow, J. T. Naylor and F. K. Taylor) deserves special thanks for mentioning a Ponziani study (1769) which may well be considered to contain the basic idea of **C**: 7k ; 8 ; 5P2 ; 7P ; ppp5 ; 8 ; 1K6 ; 8. (White wins by (1) P-R6, K-Kt1, (2) K-Kt1, etc.) ASSTAC

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

WAR Office and Air Ministry: Lands Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men only for permanent and temporary appointments as Lands Officers. Most of the vacancies under the War Office are overseas. Candidates must be at least 30 years of age on January 1, 1952, and must either be Corporate Members of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors or the Chartered Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute or the Land Agents' Society or possess a University degree in Estate Management (B.A. Cambridge or B.Sc. London). In addition candidates should possess wide professional experience in private practice or in the service of a Local Authority or Government Department and must have experience of Land Agency or Agriculture Valuation. Inclusive London salary scales: £900–£1,200—slightly lower in the Provinces. Applications will be accepted at any time up to June 30, 1952, and selected candidates will be interviewed as soon as possible after the receipt of their application forms. Candidates are advised to apply as early as possible as an earlier closing date may eventually be fixed. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.4119/52A.C.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a University degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, at least 21 and under 28 during 1952 (or under 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London salary scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £750–£1,000; (women) £625–£850; Scientific Officers, (men) £400–£650; (women) £400–£525; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £400–£600; (rates for women under review). Somewhat lower rates in Provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.33/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/52, S.128/52 for the other posts.

THE Labour Party. Applications are invited for the post of Regional Woman Organiser for Yorkshire (East and West Ridings). The Woman Organiser is responsible for the organisation of women within the Region and supervises the work of Women's Sections, Advisory Councils, etc. Application Forms and information as to conditions of appointment from Chief Woman Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to whom application forms must be returned by March 3.

HAMPSHIRE. A vacancy will arise shortly in a Children's Reception Home (40 children, ages 3 to 15+) for a resident Deputy (Man) to the Warden: also for an Assistant House Mother, preference being given to a married couple. The Deputy will be required to have had good experience in the residential care of children, including boys. A real interest in and the ability to assess children's needs are essential for both appointments. Home Office certificates desirable. Salaries: Deputy—£364 17s. 10d. p.a.; Assistant House Mother—£278 17s. 10d. p.a.; less a deduction of 29s. a week for board and lodging in each case. A flat is available. Applic. forms obtainable from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester. Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer.

ASSISTANT Housemother to Warden for Children's small home, 12 boys and girls, ages 7 to 12. All-round person with knowledge, understanding and long-term view of work with maladjusted children (not mental). Adequate staff; good living conditions; North London. When applying state experience, age and salary required. Box 8721.

CHILDREN'S Home. Young woman assisting for small home for deprived children. Hand-work, gaiety and common sense main essentials. Excellent living conditions. London suburb. Give particulars of experience and salary expected on application. Box 8722.

SHORTHAND-Typists, sal. £8 10s. p.w., reqd. by National Union of Railwaymen, Unity House, Euston Road, N.W.1 (EUS. 4771). Speeds 120/50 R.S.A. 38-hour wk., Superannuation. Apply General Secretary, (Room 15), as above.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BOARDING Special School—Headship. Kathleen Schlesinger Home, Russell's Water, Nr. Henley, Oxon. Applications are invited for appointment as headmistress from nursery school-trained head and assistant teachers. Free board, lodging and laundry for both in return for duties outside school hours and at weekends. Apply on form TS10/Special (TS10C for candidates who have completed one of these forms since January, 1951, and have no information to add) to be had from the Education Office (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. A boarding special school for 20 delicate children aged 2–5, unit totals 1949–56, '50–54, '51–52, Burnham group 1(S). Vacant Easter 1952. Closing date February 16, 1952. (113.)

HOUSEMOTHER or Matron wanted immediately, co-ed. Boarding School. Apply Headmaster, Chinthurst School, Tadworth, Surrey. Tadworth 2011.

MATHEMATICS teachers wanted May. Teaching up to and including General Certificate. Girls' boarding school recognised by the Ministry of Education. Burnham scale. Superannuation. Apply Headmistress, Southover Manor School, Lewes, Sussex.

SENIOR Master wanted for small boarding school for boys aged 10-17 opening next Sept. Good Degree, exp. youth, enthusiasm and adaptability vital. Box 8508.

THE Council of St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, proposes to appoint a Head to take office in the summer of 1952. Particulars from Mrs. James, St. Paul's School, London, W.14.

LARGE Industrial Group requires for its selling organisations an Accountant capable of dealing, on behalf of the Chief Accountant, with daily management of the Accounting Departments under his control. Applicants must have professional qualifications or degree, experience in management of staff and office organisation, and have knowledge of Commercial Accounting, including budgetary control. Age 30 to 40. Good prospects for a keen and active man. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Write, giving age and full details of education and previous exper. to Box 8698.

THE Management of a Company in Yorkshire employing 3,000, mainly semi-skilled males in a medium heavy industry, who believe their personnel policy and practice to be in line with the best modern standards, are looking for a successor to their Personnel Supervisor who is taking up a Government appointment. In addition for the responsibility for the efficient administration of orthodox personnel work, the post calls for a breadth of vision to assist in the development of the policy and its application at all levels. Applications, which should include details of present salary, to Box 8696.

PROGRESSIVE Engineering Company urgently require Jig and Tool Designer-Draughtsmen on work of National Importance at their Chatham office. Excellent prospects and good salaries to men having necessary experience and initiative. Startrite Engineering Co. Ltd., Waterside Works, Gads Hill, Gillingham, Kent.

EDITOR of monthly journal seeks secretary shorthand-typist (female, 21 to 30) preferably with some journalistic experience. Minimum qualifications are: Rapid, accurate shorthand-typing; sound English and spelling; alert mind; personal drive; residence near Purley, Surrey. Salary £364 p.a. Applications must be in own handwriting stating age, full details of education, and exper. Box 8567.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council requires competent shorthand-typist. Sal. £5 10s. × 5s.—£6 10s. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and every third Saturday morning. Apply Office Sec., 78 Duke St., London, W.1.

SECRETARY-Assistant (lady); high-speed sht./typing essential; responsible position, working under direct supervision of Secretary; knowledge of Film Industry and languages an advantage but not essential. Write partics. experience, speeds, salary, etc., Box 238, Rays, Cecil Court, W.C.2.

EFFICIENT Shorthand-Typist/Assistant Book-keeper required immediately for fine art publishers. Must be experienced. Write Box 8624 for appointment, or telephone Gerrard 4085.

FILM Executive requires young research assistant. Good historical knowledge and typing essential. Shorthand an advantage. Write, giving age, educ. and exp., to Box 8743.

EDITOR of weekly medical journal requires efficient shorthand-typist. Some literary experience an advantage. Salary according to experience. Box 8736.

IRVING Theatre Club reqs. young educated girl with some knowledge of lettering for small bills and posters. Starting salary £4. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

COOK-Housekeeper required immediately. Main duty mid-day meal 40 children and staff. Resident, salary £200 p.a. School holidays. Apply in writing or telephone Superintendent, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3. FLA. 8374.

ASSISTANT Cook for Channing School, Highgate, London. Experienced. Apply Housekeeper, or 'Phone MOU. 8128.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MATRON with nursing experience required at children's holiday centre August. Write Box 8497.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISHMAN, 25, Dip. Soc. Sc. (Lond.), exp. soc. work, public spkg., organising, etc., seeks post where knowledge social or political problems and ability with people reqd. Widely travelled, at present working tour Aust. and N.Z.; returning U.K. August. Suggestions welc. Write Box 52, G.P.O. Mt. Isa, N.W. Queensland, Australia.

YNG. Englishwoman, bi-lingual, exc. spds. Eng. sht. Eng./Fr. typ., wide Pers. Asst. exp., 4 yrs. U.N., arriving French Riviera end May, interested work polit. lit. writer or other post that area. Box 7877.

MECH. Engineer, A.M.Inst.B.Es, 38 yrs., 7 yrs. manager research dept., reqs. position as manager, or technical representative to engineering or allied firm. Willing to travel. MAI. 7424 evenings, or Box 8626.

EX-Parson, grad., sgle., seeks resid. teaching post in non-orthodox school. French, dramatics, singing, art. Box 8515.

WOMAN (36), bi-lingual (English-German), good knowledge French, wide exp. incl. international sphere, sht.-typg., sks. interesting and responsible post. Box 8689.

GENTLEMAN, aged 46, 27 years' experience of Poor Law and Charitable work, expert knowledge of interviewing and case history procedure, particularly with regard to children, seeks post, where such information would be useful. Box 8139.

GIRL, 24, sks. domestic post with literary/artistic family; can cook. Hurdles, Treetops, Albury, Guildford, Surrey.

LIBRARIAN (who is also A.R.C.M.) sks. post. 3 years' exp. Press Photo Library, 5 years Hospital Librarian. Also wide knowledge musical literature. Excel. refs. Box 8707.

YOUNG lady, 18, matric, standard, reqs. post, pref. social work. Box 8756.

YOUNG woman, 22, Sociology grad., seeks interesting post. Box 8500.

NEWSPAPERS/Politics/Music — responsible secretarial post sought by girl of liberal outlook anxious to put 4 yrs.' newspaper sec. experience to good use. Box 8468.

WRITER, finding crime does not pay well enough, seeks part-time work. Anything but fiction-writing. Own car. Box 8499.

LADY, 43, gd. manners, listener, interviewer, letter-writer, own types., knowl. retail fashions, child welfare; int. crafts, avail. part-time/occas. PRI. 7968. Box 8659.

UNIV. woman, 9 years' exp. social work, wants job here or abroad; small salary acceptable if work interesting. Box 8646.

TEMPORARY part-time secretary. Tel. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths. 36s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5388).

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale/hire. Complete range from 50gns. Panrech (N), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 1903.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

YOGHOURT, the popular healthgiving milk food is made easily at home with Yalacta Apparatus and ferments. Free illustrated literature from Yalacta Products, Ltd., Dept. P, Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

GREAT Sale Offers. Lambswool, All-Wool Blankets, White with blue border, 60in. × 80in., each 41s.; 80in. × 96in., each 70s. White Cotton Sheets, superb quality, 63in × 100in., pair 39s. 6d.; 70in. × 100in., pair 45s. 6d.; 80in. × 100in., pair 51s.; 90in. × 100in., pair 57s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 65), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk, White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top: 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. (2) Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in.: 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths, (1) Natural Shade (a) 6yds. × 24in., each, 22s. 6d.; (b) 6yds. × 32in., each, 25s. (2) Embroidery, White, 3yds. × 27in., each, 17s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

"SMIT" (Dutch) Diesel Engines 10/19 h.p. and 20/38 h.p. Firms having after-sales facilities considered for Sole Agency against satisfactory initial orders. Allen Walters & Co., Ltd., 6a St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11. Cables "Lenwal-London".

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

5 per cent. dilaps., scale fees W.D. Firm est. by recommendation. TUL. 3052.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Parties MUS. 8923.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ST. George's School, Harpenden. Entrance Scholarships up to £100 per annum and bursaries are offered. Examination March 11 and 12. Closing date for entries March 4. Candidates must be boys intending to come as boarders who will be between ages 11-14 in Sept. 1952. Full partics. from Headmaster.

CLIFTON High School for Girls, Bristol, 8. Two Entrance Scholarships value £50 and £35 will be offered by the Council on the result of an examination to be held in March, 1952, for boarders or day-girls. Girls must be between the ages of 11 and 14 on September 1, 1952. Closing date for entries February 26. Particulars & applic. forms from Sec.

SCHOOLS

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls, 5-11, and small boys. T.T. milk, home produce. Mrs. M. D. Price, Principal.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 3 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pine woods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

SMALL boarding-school for boys aged 10 to 18, opening September in beautiful country house now completely modernised. Liberal education with emphasis on the arts. Vacancies for boys aged 10 to 12; inclusive fees £70 per term. Illus. prospectus from Principal, Stanbridge Earls, Romsey, Hants.

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPEWRITING and duplicating. Prompt service. Doris Puffett, 13 Wellington St., Castle, Northwich, Cheshire.

DUPLICATING/Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447 Strand, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 5984.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 75 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

DUPLICATING, Typg. Office Staff Padbury, 411 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 2070.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St. S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in coloured), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24 hr. Duplicating Service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WESTern 5809.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Assts., 501-2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

PORTMAN Secretarial Bureau, 57 George St., W.1.—Translations, typing, duplicating accurately and attractively executed in 24 hours. WELbeck 6246.

SKILLED translations. French, English, German, both ways. Highest credentials. Box 8555.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn." Evgs. 7. Th. 2.30. St. 5 & 8. Alec Clunes, Ltd. run 4 wks. Hol. 8881.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.); St. Sun. 5 & 8. Marcel Marceau. Mems. 5s. yrly.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. Feb. 5, 8 p.m. Strindberg's Creditors. Sun. 5 & 8. Mems.

SAINT Joan." Come to Rudolph Steiner Theatre, Park Way (3 mins. Baker St. Station), to public perf., Mon. & Tues., Feb. 11th, 12th, of Bernard Shaw's masterpiece "by the Tavistock"—the Repertory Company recently chosen to represent Gt. Britain at the Brussels Festival. Tickets 6s., 4s., 2s. 6d. 7.30 p.m. sharp.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.); Sun 8.30. "The Irving Revue, by Peter Myers and Alec Grahame. What the audience said: John Clements, "We loved it." Kay Hammond, "It was lovely." John Mills, "Makes me wish I had not left Revue." Robert Morley, "I enjoyed it as much as last time—the two best revues in London." Anita, "I had a wonderful evening—enjoyed every minute." Brenda Bruce, "Oh, what a lovely show." Dulcie Gray, "Great fun." Elizabeth Welch, "Congratulations—lovely show, lovely artistes, lovely evening." Membership 5s.

ATTIC Players present Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," transl. Raymond Raikes, City Lit. Inst., Stukeley St., Drury Lane, Feb. 21, 22, 23 at 7.45. Tickets in advance only from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 5.30. "The Princess Zoubaroff," a fantastic comedy by Ronald Firbank. Mems. 5s.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last wks., "Mother Goose." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems.

THRILLING new Hungarian film "Colony Underground" will be shown to members and friends of British Hungarian Friendship Society in London on Thurs., Feb. 21; for free admission tickets send S.A.E. to B.H.F.S. (F), 13 Pembridge Square, W.2.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Feb. 10: Orson Welles' "Magnificent Ambersons" (U). From Feb. 11: Orson Welles, Rita Hayworth in "Lady from Shanghai" (A).

NEW Era Film Club presents Rev. Michael Scott's "Civilisation on Trial in South Africa" and Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" directed by John Ford. Sun., Feb. 17 at 7.15 p.m. St. Pancras Town Hall. Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details: Sec., New Era Film Club, 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Feb. 10, 7.30. "Drôle de Drame" (A) (French).

FILM Show & Travel Forum. Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. Feb. 8, 7-10 p.m. Travel enthusiasts and their friends are invited to a Show of Continental Travel Films held by Holiday Forum when experts will answer your questions. Tkts., 6d., from Ken Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

THE Damnation of Faust" (Berlioz). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Feb. 13, at 8. Sylvia Fisher, Helmut Krebs, Hervey Alan Tom Williams, B.B.C. Choral Society, Royal Choral Society, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s. 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual agents.

WERTHER." Intro. to Massenet's Opera by James Robertson, illus. by members Sadler's Wells cast. Sun., Feb. 10, 8 p.m., Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Place, W.1. Parties from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 63 Kensington Court, W.8. Tel. Wes. 7513.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon. next, Feb. 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Hedli Anderson, Margaret Field-Hyde, Peter Stadlen, Francis Chagrin & The London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble in works by Darius Milhaud, Igor Stravinsky, Elisabeth Lutyens & Arnold Schoenberg. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

PROKOFIEV (Sonata No. 2), Beethoven, Ireland, played by Alan Loveday (violin), Leonard Cassini (piano). Mon., Feb. 11, 7.45, C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 3s. (members and students 1s.).

TWENTIETH Century Music, established 1946. Bartok, Mikrokosmos & Violin Duos; Prokofiev, Violin Sonata. New works by Rains, Salvedo and Watson Conway Hall Monday next, Feb. 11, at 7.30. 2s. 6d. Unreserved.

ARTHUR Dennington conducting Modern Symphony Orchestra. Margaret Rhes (soprano), Hermann Baron (violin). Holst, The Planets (3 movts.), Fragment of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in C. (1792) (probable 1st English perf.), Mozart Violin Concerto No. 7 (K. 271a), Seven early Songs by Alban Berg, works by Matthew Locke & Chabrier. Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Rd. Stn. (Piccadilly Line), Buses 43, 609, 611, 679. Tickets 2s. to 6s. Sat., Feb. 16, at 7.30 p.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 12, at 8 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music by the Spencer Trio; Joan Spencer, violin; Francesca Berman, cello; Lottie Krebs, piano. Cordial invitation to all music-lovers.

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council Valentine Party at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Saturday, Feb. 16, from 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

DINNER Dance. The Progressive Business Men's Forum. Members and guests 25s. Lyons' Coventry St. Corner House, Sunday, February 24, 7.30 p.m.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., February 9, from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. Artworkers' Guildhall, Queen Sq. W.C.1. Prizes & novelties. 4s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Feb. 9. Dancing from 7.30 to 11 p.m. Band. Adm. inc. light refrs., members 2s. 6d., members' friends 3s. 6d. Licensed bar.

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre invites members & friends to IYC Revue, Sat., Feb. 9, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Also Grand Social Sun., 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 13 Chelsea Emb., S.W.3.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illus. Catalogue 6d. post free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Innes Exhibition. Also, Merlyn Evans and Kyffin Williams. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FRENCH drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. (Sat., Mar. 1, 10-1). 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHS by Cartier-Bresson, one of the greatest living photographers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6 (Sat. inc.), Sun. 2-6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paris—Paintings & Pastels by Paul Maze. February 7-20. Daily 10-5. Sats., 10-12.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Great Britain and Italy in the Risorgimento, 1815-1848 (Toscolo, Byron, Mazzini, Carlyle, Garibaldi, Palmerston, etc.; pictures and records). Closing date postponed to February 22nd. Mon.-Fri. 11-6; Sat. 11-4; Sun. 2-4. Adm. 1s. 6d. Members free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. French Landscapes by 19th and 20th Century Painters.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Balthus and selected French Paintings. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Last week.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings: Ruszkowski. 1st Exhibs.: Edward Smith; Bernard Dunstan.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibition of Vieira da Silva; Thirty French Paintings; Etchings & Lithographs by Jacques Villon. Recent paintings by W. Barns-Graham. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

PAINTER-Lithographers of 1952. A collection of limited edition Lithographs by Contemporary Artists, on view Jan. 16-Feb. 9 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

ARCADE Gallery, Flemish and Dutch Mannerist and Baroque Paintings. 28 Old Bond St., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 75th Birthday Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings (1893-1951) by Alfred Wolmark. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until March 2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE B.B.C. versus Democracy." public meeting. Thurs., Feb. 14, 7 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, organised by National Secular Society. F. A. Ridley (Editor, "The Free-thinker"), Mrs. Janet Chance, L. Ebury, Victor Morris, E. W. Shaw on platform. Questions and discussion. Admission free.

"WHAT follows Rearmament?" Public meeting organised by the Socialist Party of Great Britain. Speaker: E. Hardy. Mon., February 11, 7.30 p.m., Islington Town Hall.

FENNER Brockway speaks on Current Events at the West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, on Feb. 12, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "Economic Factors in the Making of Canadian Federation" will be given by Professor D. G. Creighton (Toronto) at 5 p.m. on Feb. 14 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "The Concept of Law in Islam" will be given by Prof. L. Milliot (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on Feb. 20 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

KING'S College London. Professor W. R. Niblett, B.A., B.Litt., Director of the Institute of Education, University of Leeds, will lecture at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 21, on "Education and Individuality." Adm. free, without ticket.

THE Philosophy of the Upanishads. Miss Charlotte Woods. Sun., Feb. 10, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Indian Elections. Great Solidarity Meeting in support of the Victory of the Democratic Forces, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Feb. 15, 7.30. Chair: D. N. Pritt, K.C. Spkrs. R. Palme Dutt, Arthur Horner, H. B. Lim & ors. All welc. 6d.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

ONE Day School on the Economics and Ethics of Land Ownership. Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Saturday, February 16, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Qualified speakers will deal with the ethical, economic, practical and political aspects of the land question. Admission by ticket 2s. 6d. Subjects covered include the rights of property, the rights of the individual, individual ownership, communal ownership, taxing wealth, taxing land, taxing profits, etc. Programme from United Committee for the Taxation of Land Values, 4 Gt. Smith Street, S.W.1.

"JOURNEY to Sudan": Tom Driberg, M.P. Tuesday, February 12, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter St., S.W.1. 1s. 6d. at door. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

NO Conscription Council. Victor Yates, M.P., and Rev. Claud Coltman, M.A., will speak at Annual Public Meeting. King's Weigh House, Duke St., W.1. Friday, February 15, 7.30 p.m.

"CHALLENGE of Socialism" public meetings. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. (1) "The World Crisis of Capitalism," Sunday, February 10, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7): Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, Feb. 14: "Vedanta in Practice" (contd.). All welcome.

"THE Challenge to Humanism"; four Sunday evening meetings to discuss public policy on religion. Feb. 10, 6.30 p.m., Dr. Kathleen Bliss & Virginia Flemming: "Common Ground and Conflict Between Christians and Humanists." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2.

ERICH Ollenhauer 2 Chairm. Spd. Ger. Lect. Feb. 14, 8 p.m. Broadhurst Hall, 1 Broadhurst Gdns. Ass. Ger. Socialdemocrats.

"WHAT should be our Attitude to Communism?" Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, February 10, at 11 a.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

DEBATE on "A New Approach to Trade Unionism." Ian Mikardo, M.P. (Labour) v. E. C. Leather, M.P. (Conservative) on Monday, February 11, at 7.30 p.m., at Central Hall, Westminster. Tickets 1s. from Secretary, A.S.S.E.T., Executive Staffs (No. 1) Branch, 391 Seven Sisters Rd., N.15, or at door.

THE English Folk Dance and Song Society. The Second Rodney Gallop Memorial Lecture will be given by Ian Grimble on "Faroese Folk Dance and Song," with illustrations, Fri., Feb. 15, 7 p.m., at Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. Free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 14, 6.30. Lecture by Théo Fleischman, Dir. of Belgian Broadcasting: "Promenade à Waterloo." Adm. free.

"WORLD Food Shortage Vegetarianism the Answer," by H. H. Jones, B.A. Monday, Feb. 18, at the Alliance Hall (nr. St. James's Park Underground Stn.) 7.30 p.m. Adm. free; collection.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 12, J. B. Coates, "Does God Exist?" Admission free. Collection.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 16 at 6 p.m. Mme. C. Goldscheider (Alliance Française): "Evolution de la Pensée Créatrice de Rodin." Avec projections.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 10, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Pattern of Society." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome Feb. 10: Theosophy & Vivisection.

TARBUT Li'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, February 10, 8 p.m. "A Psychologist's Experience with Oriental Immigrants in Israel." S. Gordon.

"FROM African Jungle to London Zoo." A lecture will be given by George S. Cansdale, B.A., B.Sc., F.L.S., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33, Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 11 at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

"BEHIND the Lines in Occupied France." A lecture will be given by Capt. Peter Churchill, D.S.O., Croix de Guerre, for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Feb. 14 at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

R. S. W. POLLARD: "Divorce Commission at Work." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6. Sat., Feb. 9, 2.45.

"THE Cuts—What are You doing?" Bring your experiences to the National Assembly of Women, St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 9, 10.30-5 p.m. Delegate's Fee 2s. 6d. Details from International Women's Day Committee, 174, Uxbridge Road, London, W.12. Shepherds Bush 2180.

ANGLO-U.S. Relations: A Conference with Barbara Castle, M.P., and Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., on Sat., March 8, 2.30 at Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Fabian Internat. Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. (Tea available at mtg.)

REV. Michael Scott, Lord Pakenham, Gilbert Murray, John Ferguson will speak at United Nations Association Meeting on "World Affairs—a Moral Crisis?" Central Hall, Westminster, Feb. 20, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d. from 25 Charles St., W.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. William Goldman reads some new humorous stories from his forthcoming book. Chairman: L. Aronson. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

EASTERN Classics.—Lunch Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays, 1 p.m. Feb. 12: Teachings of the Sage Vasishtha. Feb. 19: Secret of the Mathnawi. Feb. 26: Heart of the Eastern Mystical Teaching.

SCHOPENHAUER Society: Caxton Hall, Westminster, Fri., Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. Schopenhauer and his Philosophy, by Lt.-Col. Payne. All welcome.

SEX Education Society. Mr. John Symonds will speak on "The Sexual Invocations of Aleister Crowley," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., at 7.30 p.m., on February 11. Non-members 2s. admission. On Monday, March 10, Mr. R. Wood will speak on "Some Recent Trends in Sexological Literature." Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W. Welbeck 7840.

ALL Nations Social Club (non-political). "The Colonies," by Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Conservative), Friday, Feb. 15 at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., Feb. 13, 6.30 p.m. "Satori, the Zen Illumination." Mr. Jack Austin.

LINGUAFILM Cinema, 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket. Public showing of "Une Semaine à Paris" and other language teaching films. Mondays 6.30 and 8.30. Adm. free.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch Hour Forum, Caxton Hall, Tuesday, February 12, 1.15. Miss Margaret Rawlings, the actress, on "The Family." Buffet.

EDMUND Blunden, Alex Comfort, Olivia Manning, Clifford Dyment, Muriel Spark ("Observer" £250 Prize-winner), James Kirkup and Roger MacDougall (Chairman) read from their work at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, 7.30 p.m., Feb. 20. Tickets 3s. 6d. at door or from Authors' World Peace Appeal, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Conseil d'Etat and the protection of the liberty of the individual" will be given by His Excellency the French Ambassador at 5.30 p.m. on February 15 and 29 at the University of London: Senate House (entrance from Russell Square or Malet Street, W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

AT Pendley, Feb. 22-24, Drama: Different aspects of the amateur theatre dealt with by experts, including C. B. Purdom and Jack Carlton. Feb. 29-Mar. 2, Music on Records. For Music-Lovers—including a review of modern recordings. Lecturers include Lionel Salter, Andrew Porter and Eric Bimrose. Particulars from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. Tel.: Tring 2302.

THE University of Durham Institute of Education announces a one-year course for experienced serving teachers of children under 12 years of age and for those training such teachers in Training Colleges, leading to the Institute's Diploma in the Education of Young Children. The next course will begin in September, 1952, and is recognized by the Ministry of Education for grants. Successful completion of the course qualifies the teacher for an additional increment of salary under the Burnham Report. Teachers who are accepted are required to make application to their Authority for one year's leave of absence. Further particulars may be obtained from the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

POTTERY in Bath. At Easter two courses. April 7 to 18, and July 28 to August 8. Fees £10 10s. Particulars from John Shelley, The Bath Pottery, 39 Gay St., Bath.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Herd Psychology of Politics: J. N. Glaister. A Critique of Modern Dialectical Thought: H. Walsby. Feb. 22-25, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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PERSONAL

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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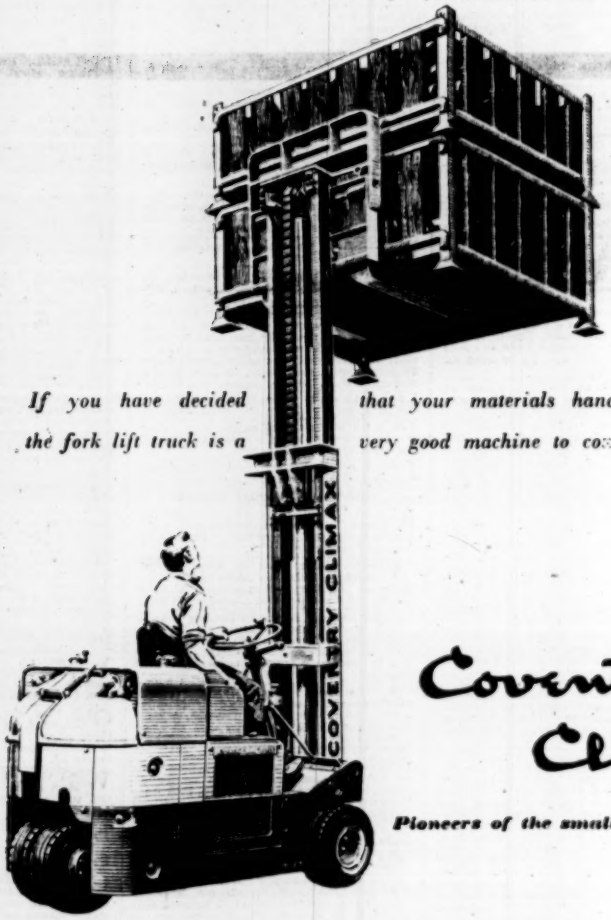

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